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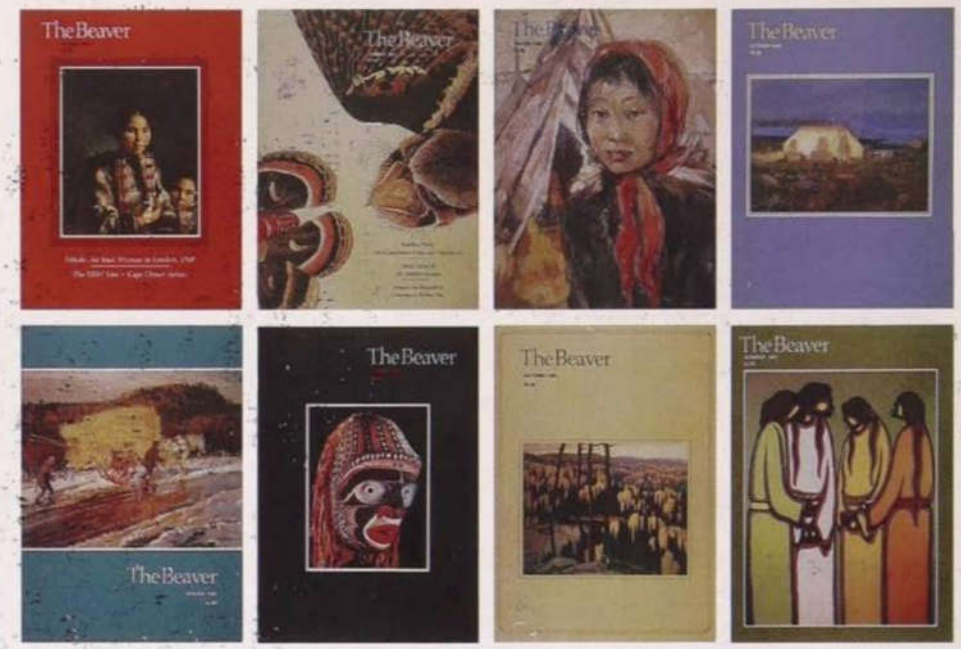

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ON THE COVER: The restored and preserved Hudson's Bay Company Charter. Photo: Jeremy Powell, Canadian Conservation Institute.

John Edward FitzGerald

The Newfoundland Referenda Campaigns of 1948

It was the most divisive and sectarian political campaign ever seen in the country of Newfoundland. It ended early on the morning of July 23, 1948, when, by a narrow 6,989 votes, confederation with Canada carried the day. For the confederate supporters, most of whom lived in the Newfoundland outports, Joseph Roberts Smallwood was the undisputed champion, the "Only Living Father" of confederation who "put it over" against the combined "evil" forces of St. John's merchants and the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. By turns a journalist, socialist, union organizer, publisher, and pig farmer, Smallwood was the best-known person in Newfoundland, broadcasting nightly throughout the island on VONF radio as "The Barrelman".

By the mid-1940s Smallwood was personally bubbling over with the idea of confederation with Canada. He had good reason to be. In 1933, facing bankruptcy and default on its loans, the Newfoundland parliament voted itself out of existence in favour of a British-appointed Commission of Government. Britain promised that Newfoundland's self-government would be returned at the request of the people when the country was financially self-supporting. For the next 15 years, democracy was suspended, and Newfoundland was a benevolent dictatorship, a ministry, legislature, and governor-in-council all rolled into one.

The absence of democracy was tolerated during the Depression, but World War II made it untenable. Newfoundland became a booming armed camp: tens of thousands of American and Canadian servicemen flooded through the island and Labrador, and hundreds of millions of American and Canadian dollars poured into Newfoundland. Roosevelt and Churchill met on the cold waters of Placentia Bay in August 1941, and issued the Atlantic Charter to save the world for democracy, but it was an irony not lost on Newfoundlanders that their country itself was not a democracy. Sporadic protests occasionally clamoured for the return of self-government.

In December 1945, Britain announced that a Newfoundland National Convention would be elected in order "to make recommendations to His Majesty's Government as to possible forms of future government to be put before the people at a national referendum." Joe Smallwood publicly declared himself Newfoundland's strongest confederate and got elected to the convention. A superb orator, he dominated its radio-broadcasted proceedings. When the convention closed at the end of January 1948, voting 29 to 16 against including confederation on the ballot paper, Smallwood spearheaded a petition demanding that confederation with Canada be put on the ballot paper "so that the people could decide." During the winter and spring of 1948, Smallwood gathered around himself a powerful organization and the campaign was on. The confederates steamrolled through the outports, selling confederation on the appeal of the Canadian social welfare state, and on the fear that a return to responsible government would mean reinstalling the avaricious Water Street merchants at the helm. But on other issues such as taxation, the effects of the fall of import duties on the Newfoundland economy, and whether Newfoundland could be financially self-supporting under confederation, the confederate campaign remained silent.

In opposition to the confederates was the St. John's Establishment, which included the Roman Catholic Church, merchants, professionals, and middle classes, and the glitzy Economic Union Party (EUP), led by the gruff but likable businessman Chesley Crosbie. The Catholic Church, based on the island's Avalon peninsula and principally composed of people of Irish heritage, had first opposed confederation in the election of 1869 on the grounds that it was an act of union with a foreign country, and that it was needless, for Newfoundland already had its own home rule.

In the realm of commerce, many members of the business-dominated but staid Responsible Government League (RGL) stood to lose business if the tariff wall protecting Newfoundland manufacturers was ever to fall to confederation. Among the RGL's leaders were its president, F. M. O'Leary, a manufacturer's agent, and Robert S. Furlong, a prominent St. John's lawyer. Ironically, O'Leary had employed Smallwood and sponsored The Barrelman broadcasts before Smallwood left to go pig farming, and Furlong was also member of the Board of Governors of the Broadcasting Corporation of Newfoundland, which owned VONF and which was indirectly responsible for placing a radio microphone in front of Smallwood at the convention. A cousin of Furlong's was the fiery maverick, war hero, and spellbinding orator Peter J. Cashin, whose forté was bringing down governments and making the Commission of Government squirm. Reporting on the London meetings of a delegation from the National Convention, Cashin rose in the Convention, and darkly prophesied his country's political future:

> I say to you that there is in operation at the present time a conspiracy to sell...this country to the Dominion of Canada.... Watch in particular the attractive bait which will be held out to lure our country into the Canadian mousetrap.

The Canadian social welfare state was not the only attractive bait held out to Newfoundlanders. Even more attractive was the EUP promise that if Newfoundland returned to self-government, it would negotiate a free-trade deal with

the United States. The EUP also capitalized on the strength of Crosbie's personal connections. His brother-in-law was the colourful and popular Andrew Carnell, the Mayor of St. John's, one of the few democratically-elected officials in Newfoundland. Another brother-in-law was a respected economic analyst, writer, and intellectual, Albert B. Perlin, of the *St. John's Daily News*. Crosbie also brought in Don Jamieson, the manager of his highly visible and highly profitable Coca-Cola franchise, and Geoff Stirling, the aggressive 27-year-old owner of Newfoundland's first weekly tabloid, *The Sunday Herald*. In a final familial irony, Smallwood's chief deputy, Greg Power, was married to a Crosbie, and wrote radio jingles for the family companies. The favourite song of EUP supporters was "The Hero of '48," in which a "fisher boy" pleads to his mother:

Don't vote confederation,
Now that's my prayer to you,
We own the house we live in,
Likewise our schooner too;
But if you vote Joe Smallwood,
And his line of French patois
You'll always be paying taxes
To the man up in Ottawa.

The fear of Canadian taxes and the promise of free trade with the United States became the lifeblood of the EUP, which in turn became the lifeblood of the return-to-responsible-government movement.

On the confederate side in the campaign, however, sat other more powerful forces. The Commission of Government worked in tandem with the British Dominions Office, and in consultation with Department of External Affairs, all three controlled the timing of the referendum, the form of the question, and the pace of the campaign. The Canadian High Commissioner to Newfoundland, J. Scott Macdonald, directed and advised the Canadian Department of External Affairs and the Liberal Party of Canada, and provided material assistance and information to Smallwood. The British and Commission governments came in for harsh public criticism for their hard-nosed determination to see confederation through. When Philip Noel-Baker, the Dominions Secretary, announced in early March that despite the vote of the National Convention, confederation would be on the first ballot of a series of two referenda, the Newfoundland Law Society was outraged and saw the hand of perfidious Albion conspiring to force Newfoundland into confederation. It sent a petition to London stating that it was the society's considered opinion that confederation should only be decided upon after self-government had been restored, and "in the usual constitutional manner at a general election."

Newfoundland society was polarized, families were split in their allegiances, and brothers and sisters stopped talking to each other. For six weeks Newfoundland became a little Northern Ireland.

The first referendum took place on June 3, 1948. The results were broadcast that night on VONF. The vote numbered 22,311 for the retention of Commission of Government, 64,066 for confederation with Canada, and 69,400 for a return to responsible government. Since there was no clear winner, Commission of Government was dropped and a run-off referendum was set for July 22. The campaign was on again.

The second time around, two factors worked decisively in the confederates' favour: Canadian money and sectarianism. The Canadian Department of External Affairs provided particularly crucial help to the confederates, supplying information and pamphlets for the campaign, and through the Liberal Party of Canada, funds for Smallwood's organization. On June 21, 1948, Smallwood and F. Gordon Bradley, the confederation campaign chairman, wrote C. D. Howe, the Canadian minister of reconstruction and supply, with an urgent plea: "We need money desperately. Taking into account what we will raise locally, we must have at least another $20,000. We need it quickly." The money was sent, and before the campaign was out, the confederates had spent close to $250,000, almost five times what the combined EUP and RGL forces spent.

Sectarianism also helped the confederate movement. Smallwood's organization targeted the northeast coast of Newfoundland, where most of the support for Commission of Government had come in the first referendum. The communities of the northeast coast were predominantly Church of England and Methodist, and a vital part of their social fabric were the Loyal Orange Associations. To the outports were sent hundreds of copies of the now infamous "Orange Letter," instructing Orangemen to vote for confederation because the Roman Catholic Church had attempted to instruct the vote in the first referendum. Newfoundland society was polarized, families were split in their allegiances, and brothers and sisters stopped talking to each other. For six weeks Newfoundland became a little Northern Ireland, and threats were even made on Smallwood's life.

Throughout the evening of July 22, VONF again announced the results. The mood was tense. This time, confederation led the ballot. In the final count it received 78,323 votes, while responsible government garnered 71,334 votes. Late that night, when the results indicated an irreversible trend, young James McGrath, a poll clerk for the Responsible Government League, made his way home through the darkened town past the Colonial Building, the seat of Newfoundland's Parliament until 1934. He noticed that, for some unknown reason, the Colonial Building was brilliantly floodlit. It gave him the eerie sense that "something terrible" was happening to his country. As he neared his house, he noticed the lights on at a neighbour's house, and stopped to make a visit. He was met at the door with the plaintive cry, "My Jayzis, Jamie! The country's gone 'n' we're all Canadians!" ◆

John Edward FitzGerald is a postdoctoral fellow in history with the Institute for Social and Economic Research at Memorial University in St. John's.

The Hudson's Bay Company Charter

Royally Preserved at 327 Years

Where will the 1670 Charter of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay be in, say, three hundred years? Right about where it is today, if Ken Lockwood and the thriving Canadian sciences of historical conservation have done their job right. By Christopher Moore

Lately Ken Lockwood has been conserving what he calls "a very nice Emily Carr" for a private collector. It is the kind of thing he does as a conservator of art and documents on paper. Lockwood describes himself as "intensely interested" in contemporary art; he spends quite a bit of time advising young artists about the materials they should use. He also works on conservation projects with private and public galleries. For more than a decade, he has advised the artists' collective of Cape Dorset, Baffin Island, about the fine art prints for which they are world famous. The Inuit artists' group, an early client, gave Lockwood's company its name, Dorset Conservation.

Recently Dorset Conservation extended its client base. The new client was the Hudson's Bay Company, and the artwork the Company wanted to conserve was five great sheets of parchment closely covered with text and decoration. Lockwood found himself considering the conservation of something that was at once a work of art, a historical source, a museum-quality artifact, a legal document, and a corporate talisman. It was the Royal Proclamation Charter of the second day of May 1670, the document which brought the Hudson's Bay Company into being and under which it has operated ever since.

> *...Doe give grant ratifie and confirme... That they and such others as shall bee admitted into the said Society as is hereafter expressed shall bee one Body Corporate and Politique in deed and in name by the name of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England tradeing into Hudsons Bay...*

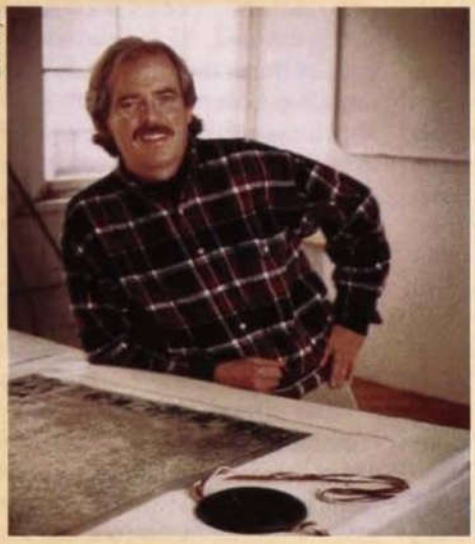
It was by the application of his royal seal to the 1670 charter, Lockwood soon learned, that King Charles II incorporated the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay. In the late seventeenth century, the granting of charters was a favoured way for the king to support trade enterprises that were extending English commerce and English power around the world. This royal charter incorporated the new company, set out how it would be governed, and endowed it with a monopoly of trade and exploration in the substantial chunk of North America which it named Rupert's Land. It empowered the Company to govern the new "plantacion" entrusted to it, to enforce laws, even to make war upon any prince or people "that are not Christians."

Although the Company of Adventurers yielded its near-sovereign powers and its trade monopoly when Rupert's Land became Canada's North West in 1870, the Charter remains the ultimate proof of the Company's unbroken corporate existence—and highly valued as such by its holders. For most of its first 300 years, the Charter was housed at the Company's London headquarters, guarded under lock and key in metal cases specially designed for it. Brian Grose, who today is secretary of the Company, recalls how on rare occasions, for very special visitors, one of his predecessors might draw a key from a waistcoat pocket and swing back the heavy metal doors that protected the precious Charter.

When the Company's headquarters was transferred to Canada in 1970, intricate legal and political steps were taken to ensure that the Charter became a Canadian document without interrupting the unbroken corporate existence of the Company. Grose, who eventually became the Charter's official custodian, inherited the protective instincts he had observed at work at Beaver House in London. In 1996, when asked if the Charter could travel to Winnipeg to be displayed

Jeremy Powell / CCI

Karen Whyte



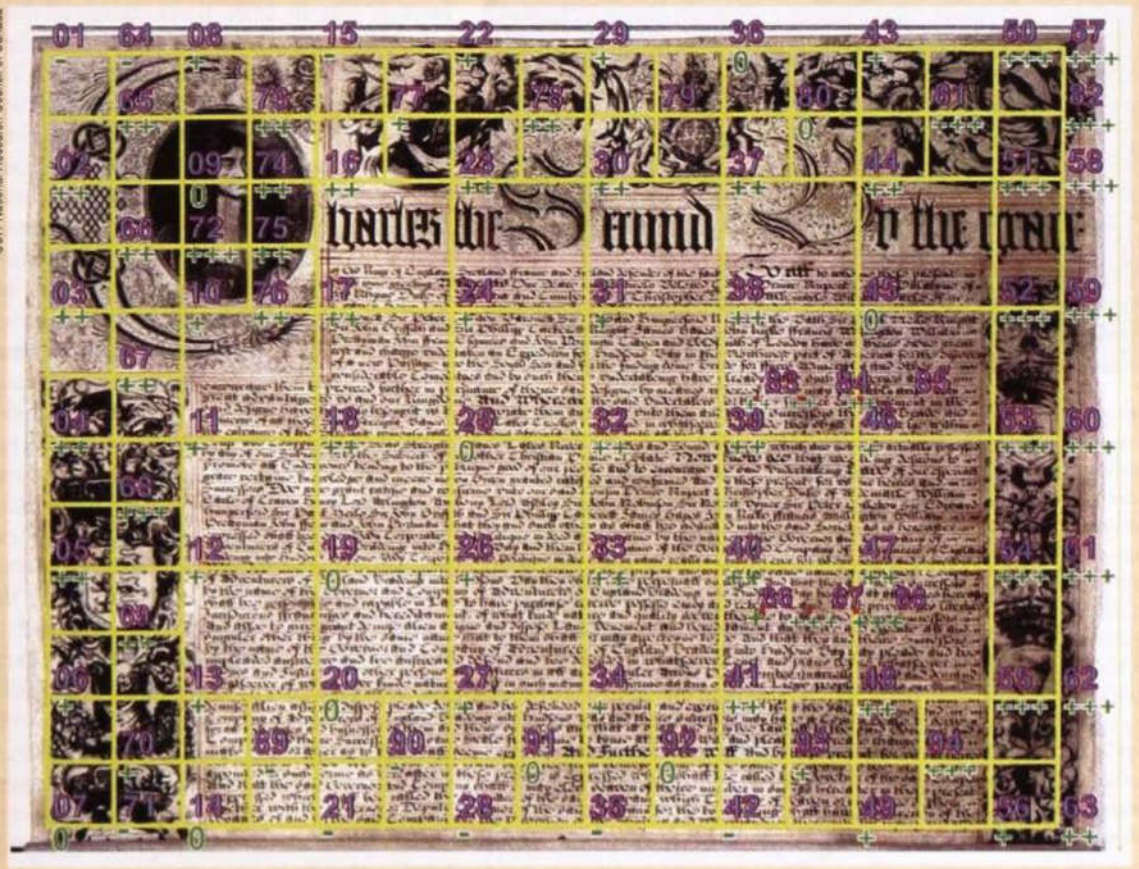
Ken Lockwood in his studio at Dorset Conservation, with elements for the Hudson's Bay Company Charter restoration, November 1997.

to the visiting Prince of Wales, Grose admits his first reaction was, "Over my dead body!"

This was, however, an heir to Charles II's throne who was to inspect the Charter. Until 1970, the king's heirs could invoke a clause of the Charter to demand from the Company two elk and two black beaver as soon as they entered its territory. (Indeed, the presentation has been made to reigning monarchs on three occasions in this century.) On reflection, Grose consulted Dorset Conservation, and Ken Lockwood reassured him that the Charter, properly handled, could travel in perfect safety. The Charter went off to meet the prince. But the incident prompted Grose and the Company's governor, David Mitchell, to consider the future of the precious document. They invited Lockwood's company to propose plans for its long-term conservation.

Ken Lockwood believes every corporate body should consider the conservation of its founding documents; not long ago he advised Ford

CCI / National Research Council of Canada



Page 1 of the Charter was scanned by a three-dimensional laser scanner, then graphed. This provided coordinate locations for a technology known as "infrared microspectroscopy analysis." Through this process, conservators analyzed the extent of poly (vinyl acetate), a coating applied in an earlier restoration effort, on the parchment surface.

•Left: The Great Seal of the Charter showing Charles II on horseback. Colour has been removed from the image so conservators can better analyze the surface.

All images: Canadian Conservation Institute (CCI) unless otherwise noted.

Canada about protecting and displaying its nearly century-old letters patent. But the Hudson's Bay Company and its Charter were obviously something special. Considering the age of the document and its meaning to the Company, Lockwood sketched out an ambitious three-part program. He proposed first, a historical analysis of the Charter and its making; next, a scientific analysis of its physical condition after 326 years; and, finally, an investigation into display technologies that would protect the Charter in perpetuity. It was, he understood, a conservation project "that would go beyond Cadillac treatment, a Rolls-Royce job." As much as possible, it would be done in Canada and would showcase the high-quality work now done by Canadian conservators.

Jeremy Powell / CCI

Scott Williams of the Canadian Conservation Institute works on the infrared microspectroscopy analysis of the Hudson's Bay Company Charter. Williams and his colleagues developed, especially for the Charter project, a specialized track system on which the analytical instrument was mounted.

Lockwood discovered he had a client that shared his appreciation for the Charter and how it might best be served. The Hudson's Bay Company quickly approved his proposal. "I had proposed this elaborate program of study," Lockwood recalls now, "and then I had to scramble to find ways to follow through on all I had proposed. But in fact, all the elements came together quite rapidly."

> *...to make ordeyne and constitute such and soe many reasonable Lawes Constitucions Orders and Ordinances as to them or the greater part of them being then and there present shall seeme necessary and convenient for the good Government of the said Company...*

"I like the mixture of hands-on practical conservation, which is so very tangible, combined with the problem solving and the intellectual interest of conservation history," says Thea Burns, a professor in the art conservation program at Queen's University in Kingston. It is the only university program of its kind in Canada, and Lockwood, himself an alumnus, thought at once of Burns for the historical study of the Hudson's Bay Company Charter.

"Historians have not generally been interested in the materials with which documents are made," Burns says, "and conservators have not focused on the development of the materials they conserve. With my art historian's training, I found myself linking them both." Even in Britain, Burns soon found, no one had ever undertaken research that was focused quite the way hers was.

Thea Burns soon established that, had the Hudson's Bay Company been founded a century earlier, its charter might have been the creation of a single virtuoso, someone who prepared a parchment from calfskin, wrote out the text in Latin, and designed and executed illustrations all around the words. A century later, such a charter might have been ratified by Parliament, then cranked out mechanically by a government printer. But in 1670 the making of royal documents was at once artistic and technological, and shaped above all by the will of the king. Burns found herself exploring a world in which the royal chancery laid in stocks of prepared parchments with standard headings and illustrations preprinted on them, no simple process with an uneven, organic material like parchment. "You know," she says, "we just snap documents off on photocopiers, so something like the Hudson's Bay Company Charter is wonderfully elaborate to us. But they in their own way churned these things out of their own production processes."

The Hudson's Bay Company Charter, says Burns, began with "off-the-shelf" materials. "Until not long before, charters were written in Latin, and it is notable that the printed Latin 'Carolus' has actually been scraped off [except for the letter *C*, which surrounds an engraved royal portrait based on a fine miniature by the king's painter Samuel Cooper] and replaced with the handwritten English 'Charles.'" The text of this charter, setting out the rights and duties of the Company of Adventurers, was then swiftly filled in by a chancery clerk meticulously schooled in a standard calligraphic style known as "court hand." The Hudson's Bay Company Charter runs to about 7,000 words, and required five 80 x 60 cm (about 31 x 24 in.) parchment sheets.

To modern eyes used to dull, utilitarian documents, the Charter seems spectacular. But in 1670 the decoration of a royal document depended on how much the recipient was prepared to pay. Thea Burns discerned a certain calculated

parsimony on the part of the bold Adventurers. "There is decoration down the first page, but in fact all the other pages have room for similar decoration, and it was not used." The Company, perhaps, wanted enough embellishment to dignify their enterprise, but not such extravagance as might alarm the shareholders. "So there is a sense about the Charter that it was a prepared charter, that in some sense it was taken off the shelf, in a fairly routine way, and then customized."

The king did not sign the charters he granted. Instead, he authorized them by affixing his own Great Seal of Charles II. (Not until 20 years later, after the fall of the Stuart dynasty, was Parliament's approval sought for the vast grant to the Company.) The Charter is a "letters patent"—"patent" meaning "open," as opposed to "letters close," which would be sealed shut—and so the Great Seal, a large disk of green-tinted wax and rosin, hangs from the foot of the last parchment page by silken cords. Here too the mix of individuality and routine that typified Stuart-era charters stands out. In the only known example of such a production glitch, the images for the front and back of the Great Seal—Charles enthroned and Charles on horseback—were rotated 90 degrees from each other when they were stamped into the soft wax hanging from the Hudson's Bay Company Charter.

Burns also traced where the Charter had been in its 326 years. In the Company's desperate early years, a creditor actually held the Charter for a year—security for his risky loans. But as the Company grew stronger, so did its guard on the document that defined its powers. Burns found records of the Company's governing committee ordering a succession of "trunkes," iron chests, black boxes, and "skippets" for the security of the Charter and its dangling seal. For generations, the Company of Adventurers hid the Charter and its terms away like a state secret.

> *... may have power to judge all persons belonging to the said Governor and Company or that shall live under them in all Causes whether Civill or Crimi-nall according to the Lawes of this Kingdome and to execute Justice accordingly...*

Early in 1997, while Thea Burns pursued the story of charter making through Hudson's Bay Company records and specialized scholarship on the Stuart court bureaucracy, Ken Lockwood took the Charter to Ottawa for a different kind of analysis.

The Canadian Conservation Institute, or CCI, suggests a rare cross between a science lab and the backrooms of an eccentric museum. Precious, fragile pieces of the nation's artistic and cultural heritage regularly come to its labs in an industrial suburb of Ottawa, to be studied and treated by a remarkable array of conservation technologies. Old inks and papers, even old parchments, are familiar objects here. "It is quite routine in many ways," says CCI scientist Gregory Young modestly. "This is the kind of work we are trained and equipped to do."

Even here, there were special elements about the Hudson's Bay Company Charter project. The CCI, an agency of the Department of Canadian Heritage, has always provided its expertise to Ottawa's cultural agencies and to public museums and galleries across the country, but in the era of governmental downsizing, the CCI has a new eagerness for paying customers. The Hudson's Bay Company's desire for sophisticated analysis of its Charter was a perfect fit for the CCI's established high-tech skills and its new commercial ambitions.

Jeremy Powell / CCI

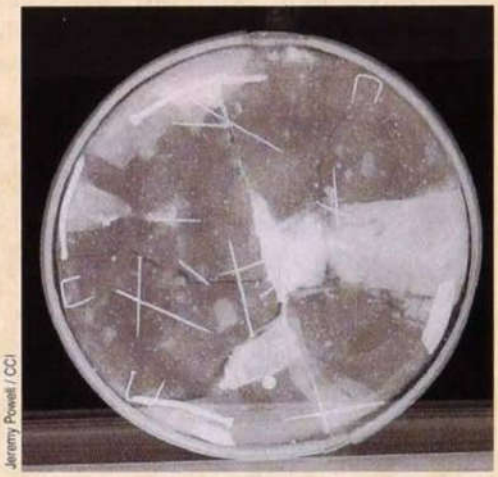
Examining the Hudson's Bay Company Charter at the Canadian Conservation Institute (CCI). Left to right, Ken Lockwood of Dorset Conservation, Project Director; Dr. Gregory Young, Senior Scientist, CCI; Dr. Thea Burns, Art Conservation Program, Queen's University; David Hannington, Senior Conservator of Paper Objects, CCI.

Gregory Young, a specialist in paper and parchment chemistry who became leader of a team of eight scientists studying the Charter at the CCI's Analytical Research Lab, describes their work in terms that impress and bewilder a layman. The Charter was elaborately photographed on both visible and ultraviolet spectra. The Great Seal was X-rayed, revealing where pins and nails had been used to repair old breakage. Analysis of microscopic samples revealed the inks and dyes that chancery clerks used in 1670. ("That was pretty straightforward," says Young. "Once you have the chemical composition, and you put that together with what is known of the existing inks, there are not too many options.") Through a battery of intricate inspections—infrared microspectroscopy, liquid chromatography, thermal stability measurement, tristimulus chroma meter analysis

The Charter Under the Microscope

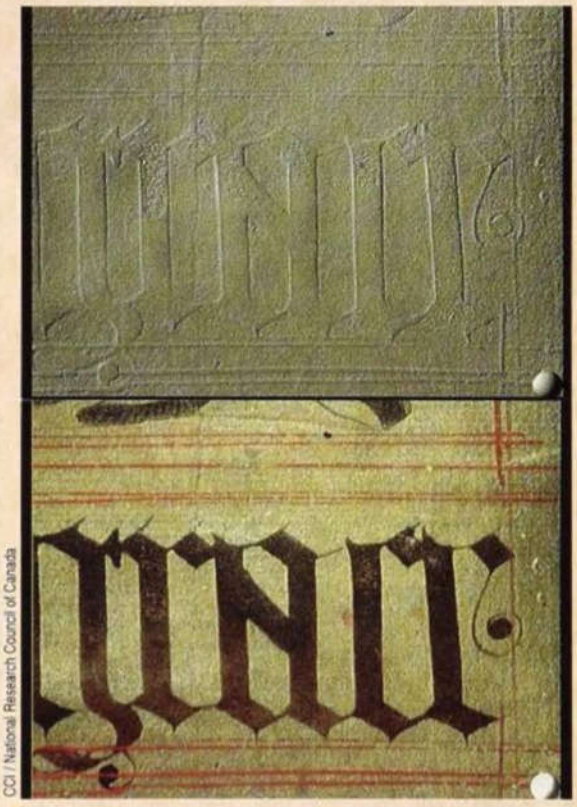
The seventeenth century met the space age during the conservation effort of the Hudson's Bay Company Charter. High-tech instruments and techniques were used to analyze and measure not only the original materials of the Charter, but also substances that have been used in earlier restoration efforts. Such precise information about the present physical and chemical state of the Charter is especially valuable: it provides future scientists and conservators with a baseline condition of the Charter so that they will be better able to analyze further changes.

An X-ray of the Great Seal of Charles II, which hangs from the Hudson's Bay Company Charter. This image reveals the many pins and nails used for previous repairs.



Jeremy Powell / CCI

A particle of the wax resin material lifted from an inconspicuous location of the Great Seal. This tiny sample, approximately seven micrometres in width, was all that was required to determine the principal components of the seal. The deep green colour of the material comes from the compound copper resinate.



CCI / National Research Council of Canada

Photomicrograph of page 5 of the Hudson's Bay Charter, showing the inscribed signature of the scrivener. Charles II never signed charters (in keeping with Royal tradition and legal precedent), but authorized their terms and conditions in binding with the Great Seal.

Image of a section of page 1 of the Hudson's Bay Company Charter, obtained from a three-dimensional laser scan, as well as the original sample. These digital images allow scientists to view the topography of the parchment surface without the interference of colour. The scanner records information about the topographical features and colour values with a precision that was hitherto unavailable.

–the CCI team gradually established the precise chemical and physical state of the document.

Many of the team members were applying technology unavailable even to leading-edge conservators just a few years earlier. One innovative application of science to conservation was an elaborate three-dimensional scanning of the Charter, made possible by the National Research Council, which offered access to the prototype of the world-leading digital laser scanner it has been developing. "It was the largest three-dimensional object they had ever studied," says Young, "and they needed to develop more computer storage to handle the data." What the laser data provided to Young's team was objective recording of the surface of the first page and the Great Seal–in effect, an almost incomprehensibly precise, digitally coded baseline against which all future changes in their condition can be measured.

Remarkably, none of these steps required damage to the Charter itself, at least not on the scale most of us measure by. "We don't want to have to say: 'We know what the material is but we destroyed the artifact to find out,'" says Young drily. "We are used to small sampling, and the smaller the sample the more refined the technique required. Working on the Charter, we could take a nanogram of material and identify chemicals very precisely. Even with a low-resolution microscope, it is virtually impossible to see where we took our samples."

"The current condition of the Charter reflects well on three centuries of storage," declares the CCI's final Charter report forthrightly to sum up 30 pages of detailed scientific recording. Inks have dried and flaked, parchment proteins have deteriorated, and the wax-and-rosin seal has hardened, broken, and discoloured. But the Charter is in no danger of crumbling into dust. In fact, the CCI analysis revealed that the most notable damage to it, a discolouration across the first page, came from restoration efforts earlier in this century, when it received a coating of poly(vinyl acetate)–the main ingredient in white household glue. On the whole, the Company's original choice of sturdy parchment and its cautious reliance on a succession of iron boxes had been the best conservation strategy it could have chosen. "They did the right thing," concludes Young. "They kept it in a cool, dark place in a container that buffered it from changes in relative humidity."

The CCI doctors had given Lockwood's 326-year-old patient an encouraging diagnosis. Now the third part of Lockwood's three-part project came to the fore: how best to display the Charter so that it could be seen and yet remain buffered from changes for another 326 years–or more.

> *...every such person or persons that shall Trade or Trafficke into or from any the Countryes Territoryes or Lymittes aforesaid other than the said Governor and Company and theire Successors shall incurr our Indignacion and the forfeiture and the losse of the Goodes Merchandizes and other thinges whatsoever which soe shall bee brought into this Realme...*

How would you display a precious, vulnerable asset like the Hudson's Bay Company Charter and yet keep it safe–without the constant environmental controls only a sophisticated museum can provide?

Put the Charter in a sealed box, maybe, with a window for viewing. Draw out all the air and replace it with an inert gas like nitrogen, so almost nothing acts on the Charter itself. Then leave it alone. It doesn't sound like rocket science.

In fact, it virtually *is* rocket science. Even five years ago, that simple prescription could hardly have been filled, for nature abhors a perfect seal almost as much as a perfect vacuum. A sealed box would leak, and even small leaks would demand monitoring, adjustment, and the constant pumping of gas–an ongoing burden of skilled maintenance even the Hudson's Bay Company would prefer not to shoulder for the next millennium. But aerospace engineers have reason to aspire to near-perfect seals, and recently the application of aerospace science to conservation science made "passive display technology" a realistic aim. The first two parts of Ken Lockwood's program had been all-Canadian, but now he caught a plane to Los Angeles, heading for the Getty Conservation Institute.

Splendid on a hilltop in Brentwood, the Getty Center, though not due to open until late 1997, was already emerging as one of the world's great museums. A billion-dollar campus, with a billion in art and an endowment of four billion more practically ensured that status. But the Getty showed signs of living up to the responsibility such riches impose. Its conservation institute–modelled more than a little on Canada's CCI–had soon made valuable contributions to conservation science. One Getty research project responded to the need of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. The Egyptian Museum's windows stand open every day to the grime and pollution of Cairo, yet the museum had somehow to display–and yet protect–the mummified remains of the ancient Pharaohs. The Getty Center set its conservators the goal of developing a display technology with which museums, even in less-developed nations, could give precious objects long-term protection–without constant maintenance or large ongoing costs.

To meet that goal, an elaborate research and

Ken Lockwood

Completed display module with covering cabinetry.

testing project led by Shin Maekawa of the Getty recently produced designs for the elusive sealed box. Through Lockwood's intervention, the Hudson's Bay Company became the world's first private licencee of this technology. The Getty set one condition. It would not charge Dorset and the Hudson's Bay Company for its technology—if they guaranteed that the display case and the mechanisms that check and control conditions inside it would be built locally in Canada, with Canadian suppliers and materials.

"They had the expertise, and they wanted local implementation and local management," explains Lockwood. He had not known of the Getty's innovation in display technology when he began seeking a system that would suit his client's needs, but soon he found himself managing the production in Toronto of extrusion dies for high-grade anodized aluminum and supervising the design of O-ring seals to meet Dr. Maekawa's elaborate specifications.

Finally, one day last spring, Lockwood crouched on the floor of a room at the Hudson's Bay Company offices, personally screwing down each of the 360 steel machine bolts that hold the case together, so that the Charter could be sealed securely in its nitrogen environment. While I was visiting the Charter recently, Lockwood casually plugged a hand-held gadget into a socket on the case, and a read-out instantly confirmed there was appropriate humidity and virtually no oxygen inside. The doors covering the case had been rolled back, and the Charter lay under glass, its beautiful first page unrolled on a gently sloping surface, the Great Seal beneath, easy to read and safe from deterioration. For how long? "You know, holders of artifacts often hardly get to think beyond the life of the next exhibit," says the CCI's Young. "But I am comfortable with the idea that it will be—who knows? fifty years? longer?—before anyone would feel any need to reexamine the charter's condition the way we did."

...to Erect and build such Castles Fortificactions Fortes Garrisons Colonyes or Plantacions Townes or Villages in any partes or places within the Lymittes and Boundes granted...

Governor David Mitchell and Secretary Brian Grose, who authorized Dorset's conservation project, are both about to retire. "We not only have confidence that the charter is in good condition and being properly maintained. We can prove it," declares Grose. "I feel I can retire knowing that what had to be done has been done and done successfully."

The Hudson's Bay Company declines to say what it invested in the preservation and display of its Charter. Back with his Emily Carrs and his Dorset prints, Ken Lockwood is not expecting projects of the scope and importance of the Hudson's Bay Company Charter to come along routinely, but he hastens to say that the kind of research done for it, and even the Getty's display technology, can be substantially scaled down for smaller institutions with less spectacular items to conserve and display.

Above all, Lockwood takes satisfaction in the way the Charter is now displayed. "Whether it is the president or a shirt salesmen, they can have some appreciation of the history of their company," he said of the Company's own personnel. Meanwhile, Dorset Conservation is supervising production of a precise replica of the Charter for company events, travelling exhibits, and for the Hudson's Bay Company history wing, which will open next spring at the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature in Winnipeg. At the same time, a CD-ROM compilation of texts and images, now under development, will make both the 1670 Charter and the elaborate history and science that it inspired in 1996–97 much more widely available. "The technology of scientific analysis has just been transformed in a decade or two. We are taking new steps both in history and in preservation technology."

... Charles the Second By the grace of God King of England Scotland France and Ireland defender of the faith &c. To All to whome these presentes shall come greeting....

Christopher Moore, a regular columnist and contributor to The Beaver, *is the author of* 1867: How The Fathers Made a Deal.

ONE OF KITCHENER'S KIDS

by Ron Hotchkiss

Lieutenant Herrick Duggan, R. E., 1915.

National Archives of Canada, PA-186083

AT THE BEGINNING of the twentieth century, the sons of Canada's elite – well born, well educated, and well connected – faced dazzling futures. But a strong sense of patriotism mixed with the spirit of adventure drove many to enlist when the First World War broke out. In this profile, Ron Hotchkiss reveals the experience of war through the eyes of Herrick Duggan, a young man born to Montreal's circumscribed world of privilege.

When Mildred Duggan removed her son's letter from the envelope, she discovered that it was sealed with a tab on which he had written the word "Personal." This was surprising as his news had always been for everyone. Also, it was uncharacteristic of him to be private or conspiratorial. But the letter she now held was meant only for her, its confidential nature suggesting something significant. Breaking the tab, she opened the letter and read:

> I'm up against a fairly hard proposition and I don't want to write to Dad yet but I want you to have this letter ready to show him if I cable. I think I must join the Army. When I left home I didn't think so...We were getting more and more hopeful reports and rosy rumours every day but in the last week most of us have settled down to take a sane reasonable view of it.

Heck Duggan's letter to his mother on October 13, 1914, announcing his intention to become a participant in World War I, reflected a change in attitude. As the war entered its third month he realized predictions of a resolution by Christmas were foolishly optimistic. Recent events had led him to conclude that the conflict would not soon resolve itself and the prospect of a long war was a certainty.

Herrick Stevenson Duggan was born in Montreal on March 9, 1891, the eldest of three children. His father, George H. Duggan, was the chief engineer and assistant to the president of the Dominion Bridge Company. As such, the Duggans were one of the more prominent and well-to-do families in the city. While they did not possess the wealth or social prestige of Sir H. Montague Allan, R. B. Angus, or Lord Strathcona, their position and background entitled them to belong to a group that one writer has called the "Anglo-Protestant elite of Montreal."

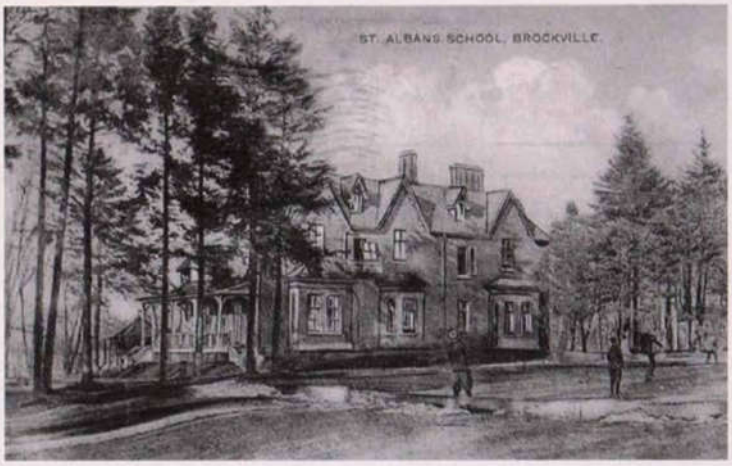
Herrick Duggan spent his formative years surrounded by nannies, servants, and governesses. It was a comfortable and sheltered existence.

The privileged world to which the Duggan family belonged was connected by ties of business, marriage, and blood. By some estimates, members of this group owned one to two thirds of the country's wealth in the 1890s. Their huge stone houses, built in Italianate, Gothic or eclectic style, were located close to one another on the

slopes of Mount Royal. They called these mansions "Mount View," "Ravenscrag," "Iononteh," and "Rokeby," and filled them with art work, oak panelling, and bric-a-brac.

Later known as the "Square Mile," this neighbourhood of opulent homes was bordered on the east by Bleury, on the west by Guy Street, Dorchester Avenue on the south, and Pine Avenue on the north. The grounds of each estate were large and interconnected, enhanced by the tall elms and maples which bordered the unpaved streets and wooden plank sidewalks. It was within this closed community that Herrick Duggan spent his formative years surrounded by nannies, servants, and governesses. It was a comfortable and sheltered existence.

As one educated at Upper Canada College, George Duggan saw no reason why his son should not have the same advantage. Thus, Heck attended St. Alban's in Brockville, where he learned discipline, respect for authority, and a strong attachment to Britain.



The caption on this postcard describes the school of St. Albans as "an English boarding school for boys under English masters [that] makes a specialty of preparing boys for the Royal Military College."

When school was dismissed at the end of June, the residents of the Square Mile, along with their maids, nannies, and servants, left Montreal for their summer places at resorts such as Cacouna on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, Murray Bay on the north shore, Como on the Ottawa River, Knowlton on Brome Lake, Métis Beach on the lower St. Lawrence, and later, the Hermitage Club on Lake Memphramagog. It was during these summers that Duggan was introduced to yachting by his father. As a result, he not only came to love the sport, he excelled at it. He won races on Sydney Harbour, Lake St. Louis and the International Cup at Alexandria Bay in 1913. Following his father's example, he designed, built, and raced his own yachts, achieving a reputation as a designer and racing skipper of considerable promise.

Heck Duggan impressed with his energy and confidence. When he graduated in 1912, it appeared his future was assured.

Heck Duggan's passion for yachting underscored the close and affectionate relationship he had with his father. The remote and austere patriarch whose word was law was not George Duggan's style. He was warm and caring, interested in his children, and concerned for their well-being. As a result, they looked to him for advice and respected his counsel.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Heck enrolled in the Applied Science course at McGill in 1908 with the intention of becoming an engineer. His father, prominent in the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, had won the gold medal as a civil engineering student at the University of Toronto, and was now second vice-president and general manager of Dominion Steel and Coal Company. His connections socially and professionally throughout Canada and overseas could open doors to his son. This undoubtedly played a role in Heck's decision.

Yet Heck realized that his success was to be the result of challenge and hard work. He was expected to pass the summers learning his profession in a variety of jobs. One year he was employed on construction of the Sydney and Louisburg Railway extensions; another he was assistant engineer on construction of the Wayagamack Pulp and Paper Company's plant at Three Rivers. In 1910 he spent the summer assisting the engineer at the Hillcrest Collieries in Alberta.

His selection of McGill was almost as predictable as his choice of engineering. Located within the Square Mile, it was part of the community. Many of the faculty had settled there and some had married into the old families. But above all, McGill provided an environment where the younger generation of Montreal's elite could continue the life they had known, associating with friends from childhood and developing connections that would last beyond university. To this end, many socially prominent undergraduates joined McGill's fraternities, which prepared them for membership in private men's clubs such as St. James's and Mount Royal.

Heck Duggan, who joined Delta Upsilon as a freshman, proved a diligent member in promoting the fraternity's interests during his years at McGill. As senior delegate to the 77th Annual Convention of the fraternity at Rutgers College in 1911, he played a leading role and impressed delegates and visitors with his energy and confidence. His "magnetic personality, which won him instant friends wherever he went," was

complemented by his fine features. And when he graduated in the first third of his class with the degree of B.Sc. in 1912, it appeared his future was assured.

He began his career with the engineering staff of the Dominion Bridge Company and its subsidiary, the St. Lawrence Bridge Company. His father had returned to Dominion Bridge in 1910 as chief engineer. Unfortunately, work was scarce and the opportunities for a young engineer limited. Consequently, when he was offered a temporary position at one of the leading bridge firms in Germany—the Machinen Fabrik, Augsburg-Nuremburg at Mainz—in October 1913, he decided to take it. It was a chance to study bridge engineering in a country which had become a world leader in the field.

peculiar in that they are single-minded, give them one thing to do and they settle down and plug along at it till it's finished, but they have a very hard time tackling anything new."

Yet what did he know about Germany or any other foreign country? He had been raised in a closed environment and constantly taught that Britain was the standard by which all other nations were to be measured.

His views of German men were particularly severe: "I don't know how young the kids start on beer here but I have seen them certainly not older than seven drinking from their mother's mug. The result is most of the men are fat and soft by the time they're twenty though a year or two of soldiering hardens them up a good deal."

Duggan's parents urged him to return home

McGill University as Heck Duggan knew it.

Nonetheless, within a couple of months he was disillusioned. Writing to his father on December 5, 1913, he confessed, "I feel here almost as if I were in some other branch than engineering. Everything is absolutely different, some things seem to be better than ours, many of them appear to be much worse but they all seem to work." A month later he complained, "I'm not getting a great deal of information here—its [*sic*] a principle of the German office that no man shall know what the other man is doing, and that is kept up by a carefully fostered jealousy that runs through to such an extent that a man will often cover up his drawing if another man comes to his desk."

Duggan was ambivalent about the Germans he had observed in the company. Confessing to "a very high opinion of the German workman's intelligence," he remarked that "the Germans are

but he refused, saying that "to leave now I would go with only a very general idea of the practise, language, and business of the country." He confessed to his father that he had made up his mind to follow bridge work—"I like the work, have as far as I can see as much natural aptitude for it as anything else, and in addition have the advantage of your connection with it." He realized that he was ready to enter a new stage in his life as "the strictly educational period is finished and now I will have to pretty well settle down to particular work for the next ten or fifteen years at least."

His work at Mainz had impressed his employers and he had been offered a project in London. Yet it would take until August 1915, and he was reluctant to be away from home for so long. Therefore, he announced his intention to work until June, travel for two and a half months, and return by the first of September.

On June 19, 1914, he wrote his sister Peg a postcard from Berlin. "I've had a fine trip so far," he told her,

> three days in Nuremberg, a week in Munich and now have been nearly a week in Berlin, am leaving here Monday for Hamburg. Munich is a lovely place and I think I'd like to live there, the people are so friendly, quite different from here where every one stares in a most unsympathetic way. You'd like Nuremberg too—a very old city inside a perfect wall but not so old as to have decayed at all. Nearly all the houses are from 400 to 500 years old and people still live and carry on their business in them, though I think they must be very uncomfortable.

Mainz, Germany, where Heck lived and worked from October 1913, until June 1914.

The outbreak of war on August 4, 1914 found Heck Duggan back in Canada. He had rejoined the Dominion Bridge Company and was working on projects for the Canadian Northern Railway and the city of Quebec. One of the Square Milers, Hamilton Gault, had organized the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and Duggan wanted to be a part of it. Why did he wish to join? Perhaps he felt like one young Canadian who said: "The prospect of adventure and travel and so on had a very strong appeal for me. I would say I had other reasons for it too. My reading was almost entirely based on *Boy's Own Annual* and *Chums* and Henty and so on. So I had the belief that Britain always won its wars and that they were always right. This was a feeling that my generation had. I was ten years old before Queen Victoria died, you see. I had a strong feeling for the old regime." More to the point, for Heck Duggan and the other boys brought up in the Square Mile "this was the great test for which they had been prepared."

Therefore, when he was turned down because of "a slightly strained heart" his disappointment was keen. He refused to accept this judgment and attempted to enlist three additional times. The result, however, was always the same. When Dominion Bridge suggested he go to their London branch to pursue war work for the company, he accepted. If he could not take an active part in the war, he would be as close to it as possible.

When he arrived in September, he found wartime London curiously unaffected by the crisis: "Were you to suddenly wake out of a sleep in London you would hardly know war existed." "There was," he said, "a tendency to isolate the war and carry on business and trade quite as usual." Nevertheless, it was impossible to ignore all signs of war: "Of course there are the posters, nearly every taxi carries the call to arms and many of the men one sees on the streets are in uniform." These were results of the new Secretary of State for War, Field Marshall Earl Kitchener of Khartoum. He had taken office on August 6, 1914 and by the next day newspapers carried his first "Call to Arms". Everywhere posters were displayed calling on the nation's manhood to enlist.

While patriotism was one side of the coin, the other was the spy phobia rumours. One rumour was that wealthy people who had installed concrete tennis courts before the war were, in reality, preparing gun implacements from which the Germans could bombard London. Another was that Russian reinforcements with "snow on their boots" were seen passing through Britain on their way to the Western Front.

Ridiculous though the rumours may be, he found the phobia connected with anything and anyone German disturbing. Referring to the resignation of the First Sea Lord, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Heck told his mother "there is a general very strong regret here that he should have been driven out of office by an overdeveloped spy mania." Still, many people with German names changed them, and the *Daily Mail* advised its readers: "Refuse to be served by an Austrian or German waiter. If your waiter says he is Swiss, ask to see his passport." Incredulous at the lengths to which this paranoia could go, Duggan reported, "The latest thing to write to the papers over is whether one is a traitor or not by continuing to drink Rhine wine—this last is absolutely true, there are four letters in the Westminster Gazette tonight."

The success of Kitchener's appeal for "an addition of 100,000 men to His Majesty's Regular Army, in view of the present grave National Emergency," was unforeseen. By August 9, recruits were enlisting at the rate of 3,000 a day, and by the end of the month some 30,000 men were being attested daily. The First New Army was officially formed, and the Second begun, on

August 21, 1914. Senior commanders, however, were skeptical. Sir Henry Wilson referred to Kitchener's "ridiculous and preposterous army" as "the laughingstock of every soldier in Europe." He added: "It took the Germans 40 years of incessant work to make an army of 25 corps with the aid of conscription; it will take us to all eternity to do the same by voluntary effort."

Yet the battles of Mons, Le Cateau, and especially the First Battle of Ypres, had decimated the British regular army. The new men flocking to the colours were urgently needed to meet the losses suffered. Moreover, officers and noncommissioned officers (NCOs) were required to bring this undisciplined mass into shape and turn them into competent soldiers. Thus, junior commissions were being given to men with responsible positions in civilian life who seemed capable of command though they lacked military training. Further, the reenlistment of NCOs up to the age of 50 was authorized on August 11.

Field Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, whose mind Lloyd George compared to a lighthouse, which sent out a penetrating beam for a moment and then left utter darkness, as the light revolved. He was drowned off the Orkneys when the cruiser he was travelling in struck a mine on June 5, 1916.

Heck Duggan watched the development of Kitchener's New Armies with a revived sense of hope. His attempts to enlist had been frustrated in Canada but in Britain there might be a second chance. It was an opportunity he welcomed. "They are having a very bad time getting officers," he told his mother, "and are practically handing out commissions on any excuse. I am practically sure of a commission in the Royal Engineers and I think I must take it. The obligation of country must come first."

His position was becoming delicate: "The sentiment in London is growing stronger and stronger every day to force every able young man with no ties into the Army and one of these days if we suffer a defeat I believe it will break bounds. At present my story of being physically unfit is scarcely believed and should public sentiment break loose would not be at all."

On November 4, Heck announced to his mother that he had been offered a commission in the Royal Engineers and was cabling to Dominion Bridge offering his resignation. The doctor examining him had passed him as fit but warned against alcohol. The medical requirements were probably relaxed because of his engineering experience and fluency in German. "My only fear," he wrote, "is that the D. B. Co. will not accept an immediate resignation and so bar me going into the game now, having to wait two or three months." To emphasize the urgency of matters in Britain he said that "many sane men are talking National Enrolment," and "many employers are going over their lists and offering eligible employees with no ties the alternative of being fired or enlisting with their places kept open and half pay." His resignation was accepted.

His training began at Chatham where he found the work—"brain as well as physical"—different and exhausting.

He also saw the first real evidence of war when he went down to the dockyard to look at the destroyers from the Heligoland action. "A good-sized hole in a ship's side shows one things," he remarked. He was impressed by the submarines he saw there, "some in dry dock and wicked little devils they look too."

By December, he was starting to settle in as the novelty and strangeness of the change from civilian to military life had worn off. "Our class is very mixed," he wrote his mother, "nearly all engineers gathered from various parts of the world, mostly with a good deal of experience—the average age being I would say 27 or so. Some are pretty rough diamonds, all gentlemen, you know, but accustomed to take their place and hold it." Yet, the older officers had made them feel welcome and had complimented them on being "one of the best yet up." His days were occupied with learning trench digging, derrick and bridge building, and explosives. It was hard work, but time was passing quickly and he was happy.

By January 17, 1915, he had finished school and was now a full-fledged officer. He was a second lieutenant in the 70th Field Company Royal Engineers and was expecting to move to Shorncliffe for further training. Moreover, he was "now the proud owner of 35 absolutely green men and a corporal and its [*sic*] my duty to play

father to them till the war is over." As he had no competent NCOs in his section, he was doing all the lecturing and instructing. While it meant extra preparation, he felt the men worked much better. Unhappily, the luxury of leave had been taken away. "We get no leave now," he wrote, "all weekend leave being denied to Kitchener's Kids, as we new officers are called."

He was proving himself an effective officer who led by example and who cared for his men. As an officer, he had a horse, and his pack could have been carried on the tool cart. Instead, he always marched with the men with a full pack and kept their spirits up, though thoroughly exhausted himself. As a result, "in two months he had got his men more efficient than any other platoon."

"If hitherto I have had any feeling of having a chivalrous enemy against us, that is gone now and I think that is the feeling that most of us now have."

"At last we have something definite and the long period of waiting and working is nearly over," he announced in his letter of May 16, 1915 from Aldershot. "We close our books tonight and from now on are considered on active service." He was busily preparing his kit, obtaining new boots and clothes, and returning old stores as the moment approached to leave for the front. It was a time of change, physically and mentally. He referred to "a most pathetic little note" from Mary Drummond regarding her husband's death. Captain Guy Drummond, one of his friends from the Square Mile, had been killed at the Second Battle of Ypres. "If hitherto I have had any feeling of having a chivalrous enemy against us," Heck wrote his mother, "that is gone now and I think that is the feeling that most of us now have." Thirteen days later his division left for France and a week later he was at the Front.

Everything was so foreign to his experience that his first impression was one of wonder and fascination. "Even batteries, rifle fire and all the rest of the trimmings are very unreal," he reported, "like a fine display of fireworks and the star shells and flare lights are really very fine, even if they do prevent one sleeping—these aeroplanes are very demoralizing to letter writing, potting at them is a regular evening amusement and is so interesting to watch—the fliers seem to have an uncanny way of just changing their course in time to avoid a shell."

By the time Duggan arrived, British attitudes towards the trenches had changed. Robert Graves recalled in his autobiography, *Goodbye To All That*, his company commander saying, " 'When I came out here first, all we did in trenches was to paddle about like ducks and use our rifles. We didn't think of them as places to live in, they were just temporary inconveniences. Now we work here all the time, not only for safety but for health. Night and day.' " Like others before him, Heck had no mental picture of what the trenches would be like. Yet his initial perceptions were favourable: "very clean, sanitary, and most comfortable." But he added that he had seen them only in fine weather. Indeed, much of the British front lay on waterlogged ground which necessitated pumping and bailing in a never-ending struggle to keep the trenches dry. As a result, many tours of duty were spent standing knee- or even waist-deep in water.

The responsibility for the construction and maintenance of the trenches fell to the Royal Engineers. Consequently, most of their time was spent repairing and revetting trench walls, parapets, and parados, mending and laying wire. As almost all of the work was done at night, it was easy to lose track of time. Heck wrote his mother, "the nights and days so run together that one loses count especially as a sapper's life is like a cat, lived mostly at night with every one throwing things at one." Also, by now he had become acquainted with the infamous Flanders mud:

> One foot below the grass is beautiful greasy yellow clay: one of my men was digging a wall the other day and couldn't get his feet out. We had to take off his boots and then pull the boots out with a windlass. The clay is fine for walking on when its [*sic*] dry but one can hardly move on rainy nights, even on plank walks, they get so greasy.

He had been posted to a quiet part of the line and was still finding the reality of the war quite different from his conception. Living as he did—fairly comfortable and away from the firing line—certainly contributed to this feeling. Another reason, he thought, was because he was part of a working corps and was concerned with only the technical side. But the guns and the shells were constant reminders of the killing side. For the Germans were "only 50 yds away and if you poke your head up its [*sic*] shot at within five seconds, so one just doesn't." In fact, he had lost one man with a bullet in his leg within two minutes on the first night under fire. But away from the trenches his perspective changed. "The country is perfectly lovely—you know what France can be in the springtime," he told his mother, "and as we live mostly out of doors the men are enjoying themselves." The war seemed remote and almost nonexistent.

His letter of July 20 announced that he had left his "comfy billet" and was now living in a dugout near a job he was overseeing. "I like it not and pine for my own house and bed which are unluckily two miles back."

Those entering the trenches quickly realized the extent to which artillery dominated the battlefield. Rifles and machine guns were ineffective as long as the men kept to their trenches. But artillery could reach out and find them wherever they were not protected by overhead cover—3,000 yards from the line, in support positions, or on the firing step of the front trench. "Let no one tell you or make you believe rather that he likes shell fire," Heck told his mother. "The suspense of lying listening to the wail of the shell and wondering where its [*sic*] going to land; for believe me one can do a great deal of wondering in two seconds, is not pleasant."

Shells were regarded as objective instruments of war, fired at things rather than people. And if you happened to be wounded or killed by shell fire it was more of an accident or bad luck—being in the wrong place at the wrong time. But rifle and machine gun fire were different. Neither impersonal nor haphazard, they were directed against specific human targets deliberately and methodically. Bullets underscored the fact that war was cold-blooded murder. And if anyone needed reminding of this truth, they only had to consider the snipers. The Germans kept theirs in the same sector for months and came to know the opposing trenches intimately. But British snipers changed their trenches with their battalions every week or two, and forfeited the opportunity of studying German trench geography. Fortunately, as Heck discovered, not all snipers were marksmen. "There's a sniper who religiously chases me down a road every day," he told his sister. "He's a rather bad shot though and in three weeks hasn't even been dangerously near me."

Despite these hazards, Heck found the work interesting and enjoyed the opportunities of meeting people along his eight miles of line. But the work was hard and tiring. Eighteen hour days were not unusual. In addition, he felt the need to be continually watchful to keep his men from getting hurt: "You've no idea how much men belong to an officer." Nevertheless, as he remarked to his mother, "I think the doctors were all wrong; I have never felt better in my life and have seldom worked as hard."

After three months in the trenches, he considered himself a "war worn veteran." He was living in comfortable circumstances at Armentières in a ruined chateau. Life had settled into a monotonous pattern where the war was almost forgotten "till some poor devil puts his head over the parapet for too long." It was easy to let the mind wander and think of other things and other places. "I very often wish I were with you all now," he wrote Peg on August 25. "I've had three months darn hard work and I think a long day's sailing with no responsibilities would help a good deal." The war, however, kept intruding. "I have quite a lot of souvenirs now, "a bullet that came through my bedroom window is enclosed. Also I have several shell noses and a dandy German rifle grenade that pitched near me but failed to explode. I drew the charge in fear and trembling and now have the whole thing."

His letter to the family on September 13 reflected a weariness of almost five months on the front. The 16- and 18-hour days were beginning to have an effect. Moreover, the conditions in which he worked were unimaginable. In his book, *The Great War and Modern Memory*, Paul Fussell wrote:

> The stench of rotten flesh was over everything, hardly repressed by the chloride of lime sprinkled on particularly offensive sites. Dead horses and dead men—and parts of both—were sometimes not buried for months and often simply became an element of parapets and trench walls. You could smell the front line miles before you could see it.

Also, to be in the trenches was to experience feelings of "closure and constraint" and disorientation. The men saw only two things: "the walls of an unlocalized, undifferentiated earth and the sky above." Closing his letter, Heck wrote: "Fluency will not come to me now. There is so little one may write and I know that all I ever read from far abler pens than mine gave me no idea of the true life here till I arrived so why try description—I should only bewilder you."

On September 25, 1915, Kitchener's New Army was committed to a full-scale offensive at Loos. The idea had come from the French commander, General Joffre, who had pressed for a joint Franco-British attack "to pinch out the big German bulge opposite Compiègne." At first the British commander, Sir John French, was wary of attacking across coalfields and through "a wilderness of miners' cottages" and slag heaps. When Kitchener insisted, however, French gave way. Sir Douglas Haig's First Army would attack towards Loos and Hulluch, with the objective of capturing Hill 70 which ran behind the German lines from La Bassée to Lens.

It began badly. When the British released the gas in which Haig had placed so much confidence, what little wind there was came from the wrong direction. As a result, one divisional

commander gassed his own men. Yet the British were successful in breaking through part of the German front line, and almost penetrated the second. When Haig called for reserves, they moved up and became entangled with the wounded troops coming out of the line. Consequently, "it was like trying to push the Lord Mayor's procession through the streets of London, without clearing the route and holding up the traffic." During this confusion, the Germans counterattacked and the British were threatened with a breakthrough.

In a hurried letter to his mother on September 29, Heck remarked: "Busy as blazes, as you've seen by the papers. Things are being done now and by the time you get this most of it should be done or certainly well started. I have lost track of days and nights, most of my time having been spent in my boots waiting for what might turn up. Everyone feels better and there's a general air of cheerfulness and expectation though I think few of us realize just what we have to expect."

Heck's life and death exemplified the highest ideals of the Square Mile–service and sacrifice for the Mother Country.

Heck had witnessed the fighting in front of the Hulluch Quarries where British troops had been able to occupy the German trench only to be driven out. This had been his first experience in a major offensive and he had found it unsettling. "Guns! guns! guns! Will I never hear the last of them," he complained in a letter to his mother. He was sitting in the middle of six batteries that were shelling the Germans and the din had put him on edge. Earlier, he had been given the "very ticklish job" of hauling away two German guns from between the lines, all the while expecting the enemy "to come and object every few minutes."

There had been several close calls: once when a shell exploded near by, and later when his face was burnt by shrapnel which had hit men on either side of him. He had escaped unhurt and left wondering at his good fortune. But for those less fortunate, he remarked: "The battlefield is a piteous sight the day after, but I think the worst feature is the wounded men between the lines. We could see them for three and four days and got some in but others couldn't be reached." His luck held again when one night he walked into the German lines by accident. "Thank goodness for a knowledge of German which I had the presence of mind to use when challenged," he recounted. "It gave me five seconds grace which was all that I needed to get my bomb off and put for home, sparks fairly streaming out of my heels. That sentry was sorry he ever met me, I know."

He confessed, "I am very very tired" and that "the doctor has been trying to keep me in lately." Perhaps the diagnosis in Canada about his weak heart had been right after all. He hinted that a medical discharge might be obtained. Yet he could still be useful as "there is big work in England–a big future for the men who do it well." Moreover, "five or six months actually at the Front remove any stigma which ordinarily goes with the home jobs."

Heck's primary connection with home continued to be his mother. Her weekly letters addressed to "My dearest Heck," provided him with news of family, friends and Montreal. He welcomed her letters and reread them often during the quiet times. They were reminders of another life far removed and totally different from "the land of stealth" in which he now found himself.

"The most wonderful weather you have ever seen," she wrote him on October 18. "We went off to-day (Col & Mrs Laferty from Quebec were here) up across Ile Jesu through Ste Eustache and had our lunch in a golden wood. Positively not a spot of green but with the sun and the leaves pure gold. Peg had on a yellow sweater [that] seemed the same colour." News of the Dominion Bridge Company was good: "They intend to build another [shop] between the two big ones for big work and put in a new Company for brass work further down the Canal where the D.B.C. own some vacant land." It was a good letter, happy and full of promise for the future.

That same day, Heck and his section prepared to take part in an attack on the German trench at the Hulluch Quarries. The order had been given to capture and hold it at all costs as it was an important position. At 5:30 P.M., Heck brought his sappers into place behind the bombers, ready "to follow up the assault and consolidate the trench when captured." The assault began about 6:10 P.M., but shortly afterwards the officer in charge of the bombers was wounded. At his request, Heck was given permission to take charge and direct the assault of the bombers. He and some of his sappers "jumped into the trench and proceeded to demolish the barrier to allow the bombers to pass, and having completed this, proceeded up the trench along which the Germans, followed by Lt. Duggan with some of the Sappers and all of the bombers, had already retreated."

Consolidation of the trench continued as night fell, and in bright moonlight they came under machine-gun fire. During the attack, Heck received a bullet wound to his neck. He had it bound up but refused to give up his post "as he

was eager to go back and see the work completed." About midnight another officer left the trench to bring back some bombers who were in an exposed position. When he failed to return, Heck "went out to see whether he was wounded or killed and, if the former, to bring him in." A German bomb caught him there and he received shrapnel wounds in the stomach.

He was alive when his captain found him and carried him back to their trench. He was moved to an ambulance station where his wounds were dressed and from there to the Sixth Field Ambulance Hospital at Bethune. His commanding officer, Major T. T. Behrens, who had also been wounded, was put in the same ward as Heck and was able to speak to him briefly. Heck

National Archives of Canada, PA-188081

Heck's brother, Captain Kenneth Duggan, 5th C.M.R. Also an engineering graduate from McGill, Ken served in France from October 1915, until October 1917, when he was killed at Passchendaele.

remained conscious and, according to the nursing sister, "patient and cheerful." Although he had some pain it was not unbearable. On October 20 the doctor in charge was confident that "he had a reasonable chance of recovery." Yet the shock and loss of blood proved too much, and Heck died at 4:00 A.M. on the 21st.

His death had a strong effect on the company and the condolences reflected what he had meant to it: "He is such a loss to the New Army and not least to his own men," wrote Major Behrens. His immediate superior Captain Hamilton remarked, "His men had learnt to love and respect him as much as we had and all admired his wonderful energy."

"I have known your son since the beginning of the year," the medical officer wrote, "and have always admired his tremendous energy and keenness and his concern for the comfort and good health of his men." He continued, "His Section Sergeant told me the other day how deeply the N.C.O.'s and men of the Section feel their loss, and I know that all the R.E. Officers in the Division miss him tremendously."

The shock of Heck's death on the family can be imagined. And while the comments of his superiors softened the blow, they did not lessen the sorrow of his passing. His brother Ken tried to put a brave face on it, but his letters home betrayed the way he and the family felt:

> Well dear old mater it's come. I suppose it has to come to somebody. It does seem tough and especially so on you, poor old mater, you are the one I am really sorry for—A fellow who had the brightest prospects and the biggest heart in the world—it certainly is tough.

And to his father he wrote:

> I have just written mother about Herrick. It does seem terrible but I suppose it is happening every day. You both must feel it awfully—he was a wonderful and very exceptional fellow, Dad.
>
> Hard luck Dad. I know the way you feel. It hits me pretty hard too but it's all in a good cause.

The family drew together and consoled each other as best they could. There was some solace in the fact that Heck's life and death exemplified the highest ideals of the Square Mile—service and sacrifice for the Mother Country. Still, there remained an extraordinary sense of loss over a young man whose brilliant future would never be realized. As one writer expressed it: "When you've lost someone immediately dear to you you are silent in an area of your mind and your heart your whole living life."

The family carried that silence with them, but none more so than Heck's mother. On July 31, 1929, a glimpse into the depth of that feeling was provided when a postcard arrived to "Mrs Duggan" from London. The message read: "Please find enclosed a photograph of the grave of Lieutenant H. S. Duggan, taken recently. This will I hope reach you safely." The picture showed the cross which the family had commissioned almost fourteen years before to mark Heck's final resting place at Bethune. And as Mildred Duggan examined the photograph, she paused over the inscription at the base of the cross and slowly read: "Not grudgingly or of necessity, But heartfully and cheerfully." ◆

Ron Hotchkiss, a Kingston, Ontario history teacher and writer, is currently writing a book about the "matchless six," Canada's 1928 women's Olympic track team.

The Big Leagues in the Northern Bush

FORTUNES THAT WERE MADE when a payload of silver was struck in the northern Ontario wilderness just after the turn of the last century did more than create two extraordinary rush towns. They also made possible the birth of the National Hockey League and the Montreal Canadiens, and the strange professional season of 1910. Big cities, little bush towns, and unforgettable stars all played roles in a remarkable and seminal winter in Canadian sports history.

by Shane Peacock

Courtesy Cobalt Mining Museum

Prospector Fred LaRose, centre, discovered the silver that made Noah Timmins his millions.

Imagine a frontier town nearly a century ago, full of fortune seekers, heavy drinkers, strange characters, and millionaires; a place of muddy streets and high, plank sidewalks; of saloons where men carry silver by the bagload and murder rivals in brawls; and where notorious, paid-for-hire young toughs are brought to town and handed thick rolls of money in back rooms, to perform skilled and often violent deeds that will gain them dubious, yet everlasting fame. Try to put a name to where you are. Are you in Dodge City? Tombstone? Is the OK Corral outside of town?

Actually, you're on the western shore of Lake Temiskaming in the northern Ontario bush in 1909. Those mercenary young toughs have just arrived on the train from the south. But they don't carry six-shooters; there are different weapons in their travelling bags. They are here to fill a Canadian need as real as a clean bed, a hot meal, and oxygen. They're in town to play hockey.

Art Ross, legendary point player with the Montreal Wanderers, was one of those hired guns. When he hit Cobalt that late-February day with teammate and star cover point Walter Smaill at his side, he planned to get in and out of town in less than a week. Several well-heeled men connected to the burgeoning silver mines in town were about to pay him, depending on whom you believed, anywhere from $500 to $2,000 to play two hockey games. His mission: to beat the living daylights out of Haileybury, a stuck-up, we-are-where-the-rich-live neighbour.

Little did Ross know he would be back in this wild place built on a steep slab of Canadian Shield rock the very next year, playing for the other team, for even bigger dollars and as a member of a new league soon to be known as the NHL. He and other "hockeyists" would showcase their amazing skills on the real-ice, barnlike rinks of these bush towns and then return forever to the south to add to their legends, vanishing even quicker than the silver, the millionaires, and the dreams that went with all of that.

If you had travelled northwest from Montreal by rail just a decade earlier, disembarked at North Bay, and headed north to see the beautiful scenery at Lake Temiskaming, you would have

had to do so in a canoe or on snowshoes. Between you and where Ross stood in 1909 were 90 miles of muskeg and spruce trees, man-burying depths of snow, or hosts of welcoming mosquitoes, depending on the season. Even the actual spot where the future hall-of-famer and Boston Bruins mentor exited the train would have been dense forest.

When the Ontario government began building the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway from North Bay to the small log-cabin settlements on the lake in 1903, they did so only because a few well-connected settlers led them to believe it couldn't hurt to put up a short run of tracks to serve this small patch of clay-belt farmland and timber interests.

Most persistent of the settlers was a former Hudson's Bay Company employee named Charles Cobbold Farr, who had worked at Fort Temiskaming near the neck of the lake in the 1870s and purchased a tract of hilly land further north in the 1880s. It commanded a stunning view of Lake Temiskaming with the Quebec shore in the distance. A visionary of a sort, he began laying out a town plan by the 1890s and named his dream Haileybury after the school he had attended back home in England. But by the summer of 1903, even as the railway approached, there were no more than a few hundred people and some ramshackle stores and churches in his "town," even fewer than rival Liskeard, a 10-minute canoe trip north along the lake, growing because it was closer to the farmland.

It was the greatest silver rush in the world, a seminal time in Canadian mining, and there were more millionaires per square foot in the silver towns than anywhere else in the country.

But that August two railway workers, James McKinley and Earnest Darragh, were clearing land for the right-of-way, just a wolf howl or two south of Haileybury. They saw something shining in the rocks.

Six years later there was a town where they saw that silver glint, a big town—Cobalt had nearly 10,000 people. Haileybury had ballooned to 5,000, and New Liskeard to something similar. It was said that about 25,000 people lived within a few wrist shots of the Cobalt area. It was the greatest silver rush in the world, a seminal time in Canadian mining, and there were more millionaires per square foot in the silver towns than anywhere else in the country.

What incredible places they were, and how different from each other. Cobalt was where the working man lived. Hastily erected homes poked out of the steep rocks that encircled little Cobalt Lake, and mineshaft buildings sprouted amongst them like industrial church steeples. Lang Street ran on a curving course along the west side of the lake, past the railway station, the jammed-in new stores and banks, past Cobalt Square where the action was, by the opera house, and on out of town into the bush. Streets barely recognizable as streets, with names like Silver and Prospect, ran like snakes up the side of the rocks, ending abruptly, with citizens clambering like mountain goats to get to their homes. Downtown, where the odd tree stump remained, a streetcar track was being laid to Haileybury. On the outskirts, tent villages were everywhere.

But when the day was done, a hard-working man couldn't get a drop to drink in Cobalt, not legally anyway. "Blind pigs" (Silver City speakeasies) did a thriving business (a local yarn told of a visiting Brit who wrote home saying that

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Courtesy Cobalt Mining Museum

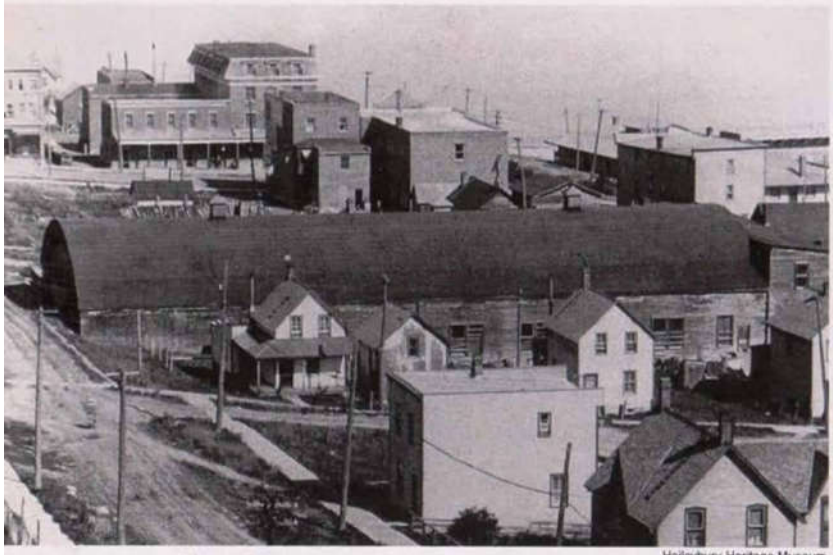
Left: Ferguson Avenue, Haileybury, Ontario, 1914, during Old Home Week celebrations: trying to be "a society town"; above, Cobalt, Ontario, Labour Day, 1907: "where the working man lived."

Cobalters had a lot of swine, though they seemed to be all going blind) and the newspapers were filled with stories about police raids. If you wanted to sit and talk to a respectable gal over a shot of whiskey, you had to go to Haileybury.

A provincial law prevented liquor from being served within five miles of a mine. Haileybury was exactly that distance to the north. And so it grew, complete with hotels that would have made Toronto and Montreal proud, and saloons that would have put them to shame, including one reputed to be the busiest in the nation. Stately buildings like the Maple Leaf, the Vendome, and the huge Matabanick, with sometimes less-than-stately clients, became the buzzing centres of the town. But Haileybury was much more than its bars. It was the place where the wealthy chose to live. Along the shore of the lake sat "Millionaires' Row," a string of big, beautiful homes with views, owned by mine owners, executives, and businessmen. Sneering at their proletarian brother to the south, Haileybury tried to become a society town. They built theatres and social clubs and even a big-time race track, and tried to enforce a bylaw that prohibited the carrying of lunch pails in certain areas.

The cast of characters drawn to their midst was remarkable. There was scraggly, white-bearded prospector Sandy McIntyre, living under an assumed name, who had fled his English wife to live a life of adventure—Mrs. Oliphant would never know that the McIntyre Mine, one of the world's richest (in the nearby Timmins-Porcupine area), was named for her good-for-nothing husband. There was Big Jack Munroe, a Cape Breton miner who, a few years earlier in San Francisco, had been KOed by the mammoth James J. Jeffries while vying for the heavyweight championship of the world. There was an English chap named Archie Belaney who would find his way into history by conning the world into believing that he was part Apache, and as "Grey Owl," teach boys everywhere, through his books, the Indian way. There were fortune finders Harry Oakes and Benny Hollinger and a crowd of others.

An overview of Haileybury, circa 1910, shows the arena where the NHA team played, with theatre attached at right. All the buildings pictured here would later be destroyed in the great 1922 fire.



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But, for a little more than a season, hockey players would eclipse even these extraordinary men. Two individuals were most influential in bringing them north.

Noah Timmins had been a storekeeper in Mattawa, more than 100 miles to the southeast. But he had kept his eye on Temiskaming, and when Fred LaRose discovered silver near Cobalt Lake about the same time as McKinley and Darragh, he appeared in no time to buy the claim. He started making millions and built a mansion in Haileybury. He would eventually find more wealth further north, where a city named after him would rise. But in Haileybury, he set about contributing to his adopted community. On Amwell Street near the lake, in 1906, he built a social club. At first it looked like a wooden shack, but soon he expanded it and used it as a theatre named the Plaza. To that he attached a curling rink, and of course, room to play hockey, that violent, boisterous game, growing in popularity and invented, perfected, and loved by ostensibly mild-mannered Canadians.

Michael John O'Brien may very well have never seen a hockey game in his life, but his influence on our national pastime was substantial, much greater than his opponent Noah Timmins. This "bearded patriarch of the frontier," as a Toronto paper once called him, was, by the time he supervised the construction of the T&NO Railway, already substantially wealthy, though he kept his residence in the little town of Renfrew, northwest of Ottawa. In addition to timber interests, it was said he had built more railway than any man in Canada. In 1903 he was approached by a ne'er-do-well Renfrew man who claimed he had discovered silver-bearing ore near Cobalt Lake, within a hammer's throw of the LaRose claim. Anxious to be rid of the pest, he gave him a few thousand dollars and took possession of the land. With it, he became one of the wealthiest men in Canada.

For several years O'Brien and Timmins wrestled over their Cobalt claims, their quarrels frequently featured in Toronto newspapers. In the end O'Brien won, as he usually did, though Timmins was left with substantial ore-bearing land. The differences between the two men were at the root of the rivalry that was later played out on ice.

Meanwhile M. J. O'Brien's son Ambrose, find-

ing his own way in business, had acquired a taste for hockey, and specifically, for seeing it played at its very best by the extraordinary superstars that the country was now producing. For a number of years he had tried to lure big-time players to Renfrew. In those days the Stanley Cup, given to the nation in 1893 by the governor general, Lord Stanley of Preston, was a challenge trophy available, in theory, to any Canadian town that could muster a decent team. But the reality was that a small board of trustees decided which teams could make those challenges. The O'Briens, sponsoring a good team in Renfrew and another in Cobalt, were constantly frozen out. The big cities and their teams sneered at them, the Toronto *Telegram* commenting that even their best club played in a "fence-corner league."

But the O'Briens and the silver towns had money to burn, and professionalism was becoming more accepted every year. Just about any player would go anywhere if a suitable contract could be arranged. In 1907 Art Ross had been drawn to the little town of Kenora, Ontario, from which he and his Thistles rose up and swiped the Stanley Cup from the big eastern clubs. Cobalt, Haileybury, and Renfrew began licking their lips. By 1909 Ambrose was ready to make his move.

The Temiskaming Hockey League was formed late in the previous year, to give the northern "tri-towns" a high-level version of the sport. The O'Briens put up a trophy, and when the new year arrived so did a hockey season. New Liskeard had an amateur team and quickly began getting thrashed; in fact they wouldn't win a game all year. But their O'Brien-and-Timmins-backed opponents were a different story.

The Cobalt Silver Kings played in a new arena at the south end of town near the lake. It looked a bit like half of a huge dark pipe buried in the rock, and was about 15 feet narrower and 35 feet shorter than a regulation-size professional rink. Still, a local reporter, impressed by its nearly 3,000-person capacity, thought that "few cities in Canada can boast a finer skating rink." They also had a fine team, not like the big clubs in Montreal and Ottawa, but with substantial players, some lured from far away.

The Haileybury Comets played out of Noah Timmins' arena on Amwell, also smallish in ice-size, but expanded now, capable of holding a crowd that could compare to a full house at Cobalt. And they believed their team could hold its own too, with future Montreal Canadien Louis Berlanquette and up-and-comer Horace Gaul in the lineup.

But on January 9, before a roaring Cobalt crowd of 3,200 (the fire marshal was obviously not invited) the hometown team laid a 12 to 3 beating on their hated visitors. Leather-lunged miners and owners bet money in the thousands, as they would every time these clubs locked horns. The season progressed and so did Cobalt, smacking haughty Haileybury again, 10 to 2, in their own building. On the 26th, the Stanley Cup–champion Wanderers, with Ross in their lineup, electrified the north by swaggering into town for an exhibition match. Cobalt beat them

The Stanley Cup–champion Wanderers electrified the north by swaggering into town for an exhibition match. Cobalt beat them.

The Cobalt Silver Kings 1909, left. This team won the Temiskaming League championship that year, largely because of hired-gun stars like Art Ross (top row, left). Walter Smaill (top row, right) and Bruce Ridpath (bottom row, left) also became renowned NHA players. Herb Clarke (top row, centre) and goaltender Chief Jones (middle row, right) were stalwarts of the 1910 NHA Cobalt entry.

Courtesy Cobalt Mining Museum

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The Haileybury Comets 1910 NHA team, above. Both goaltender Paddy Moran (wearing toque) and Art Ross (to Moran's left) are now immortalized in the Hockey Hall of Fame.

To the horror of Ottawa fans, the O'Briens snatched the greatest player in the world away to their little 4,000-person, "fence-corner" town. Fred "Cyclone" Taylor became a Renfrew Creamery King for the unheard-of salary of, it was said, $5,200. That made him the highest paid player in North American sports.

too, 6 to 4 before a thunderous crowd. Ambrose O'Brien, anxious to get his Renfrew Creamery Kings of the respected Federal League a shot at a Stanley Cup challenge, began wondering if he might get a similar bid for Cobalt.

Haileybury and the Timmins interests could think of nothing that would gall them more. By late in the month they had bribed stars Tommy and Harry Smith, Skene Ronan, and Con Corbeau away from bigger leagues. They proceeded to beat Cobalt twice, once coming back from a 5 to 0 deficit after an enraged Timmins, rumoured to have wagered $50,000, offered $1,000 per player for a win (at the end goaltender Billy Nicholson seized a washtub and picked up money that showered down from the stands). And then they readied themselves for the knockout blow in a two-game, total-goals championship. But the O'Briens, through the agency of manager T. C. Hare, reached into their deep pockets and evened things up.

John Ambrose O'Brien, M. J.'s son, was a founder of the National Hockey Association, precursor to the NHL. He was also the brains behind the Montreal Canadiens and the Renfrew Millionaires.

Courtesy Cobalt Mining Museum

That was how Art Ross made his first appearance in a Silver King uniform. Slipping up north with the bullet-like Smaill, joining another pro ringer named Bruce Ridpath, he helped conk Haileybury 12 to 6 in the series, and made headlines on sports pages throughout the nation.

But Cobalt didn't get its Stanley Cup bid, nor did Renfrew. In fact, even the Wanderers were in for a rude awakening.

In late November 1909, the Eastern Canadian Hockey Association, the big league from which Stanley Cup holders perennially came, became angered by the decision of the Wanderers' new owners to play at Jubilee Rink in Montreal (smaller than the Wood Street Arena, and therefore less lucrative for visitors). It declared itself defunct and formed a new league called the Canadian Hockey Association. The Wanderers were *not* invited to join. Ambrose O'Brien, at Montreal's Windsor Hotel that day waiting to hear about his Stanley Cup bid, found himself not only refused that, but also entry into the new CHA league. Angry at yet another snub, he encountered Jimmy Gardner in the lobby. The Wanderers' representative and star forward was even angrier. In a few minutes they had worked out a deal.

Gardner still had the Wanderers. He knew O'Brien could deliver Cobalt, Haileybury, and Renfrew into a league. They agreed they needed a fifth team, and both thought it high time that French Canadians (until then considered lukewarm to hockey) had a team, stocked with their players and, eventually, owned by their own. A week later, in the same city, with Noah Timmins from Haileybury and T. C. Hare representing Cobalt, the five-team National Hockey Association was formalized. The French-Canadian team, to play in Montreal, was christened Les Canadiens. Hare put up the money for the new team's salaries and their day-to-day operations, though it was widely known he did so on behalf of M. J. and Ambrose O'Brien.

Then the O'Briens went about putting the fear of God into the old-boy teams. Within days it was rumoured they had offered half the Stanley Cup–champion Ottawa team a mind-boggling $10,000-plus to play for Renfrew. A short while later they signed former Montreal stars the Patrick brothers, Lester and Frank, for $3,000 each. Then came the clincher.

To the horror of Ottawa fans, the O'Briens snatched the greatest player in the world away to their little 4,000-person, "fence-corner" town. Fred "Cyclone" Taylor became a Renfrew Creamery King for the unheard-of salary of, it was said, $5,200. That made him the highest paid player in North American sports on a per game basis, exceeding even the Detroit Tigers' Ty Cobb.

In Haileybury and Cobalt, excitement began to build. Suddenly, they were in the big leagues. The Stanley Cup could actually come to Lake Temiskaming. Cobalt even tore the curling rink out of its new arena and added more seats, increasing capacity past 3,500. Soon the players began to filter into town, players as good or better than had been seen for the last two wonderful games the past season. Cobalt had Walter Smaill back, lightning-fast Wanderers forward Steve Vair, and soon would snatch up Ontario Professional League scoring leader Tommy Smith. Haileybury countered with Ottawa Stanley Cup winner Edgar Dey, the Wanderers unpredictable scoring sensation Harry Smith, and Skene Ronan.

Fans turned out at the rinks to watch practices and were awed by the speed and dextrous work of the stars. Within a few weeks, they were ready to play.

The Cobalt Silver Kings were the first to see action. They boarded the train heading south, and on January 5, 1910 became, as the very first opponents of the Montreal Canadiens, the startling answer to an excellent trivia question. The Canadiens were not much of a team that year, but that night they gave Cobalt more than they could handle. News of the game, while it happened, was telegraphed up to the silver cities to an anxious, packed house at the Idle Hour Theatre "and so closely did the bulletins keep track of the events on the ice, it is safe to say that the excitement at several stages was just as intense in Cobalt as in the rink at Montreal....When the Silver City boys notched the goal that tied and the two others that put them in the lead the crowd went wild." But Les Canadiens counted the winner in a 7 to 6 victory at six minutes of overtime.

"The home team were very dirty," commented the *Cobalt Daily Nugget*'s correspondent after the first clash with Les Canadiens. Among the dirtiest was Edouard "Newsy" Lalonde, who also scored twice. He embodied the spirit of the great French-Canadian players: fast, intense, and capable of scoring at any moment. The Silver Kings, it might be added, wounded their share of the enemy on opening night.

Such violent confrontations were common. Hockey was rushing to prominence as a release of Canada's id—a fast, brutal sport that thrilled fans who were expected to repress their emotions in everyday life. Incidents in which players hit each other over the head with their sticks were not unusual, fisticuffs were frequent, and blood flowed freely.

A few days later Cobalt lost its second game to a Wanderers team with five future hall-of-famers in the lineup. But on their way home they visited Renfrew and shocked the hockey world by edging the hometown team 11 to 9. Ottawa's *Evening Journal* had reported that day that Renfrew was "hwockey mad...It would take much more than the capacity of the...rink to accommodate the crowd which is desirous of seeing the game." Little Renfrew and its 2,000-plus seat

Rulers of the rink, 1910

HERB. CLARK of Cobalt Club

HOCKEY SERIES

HERB. CLARK,
Cobalt,
Played with
Cobalt,
1909 and 1910
and with Varsity
Previous to that.

HOCKEY SERIES

ART. ROSS,
Sporting Goods
Merchant,
Montreal,
Has played with
Brandon,
1905 to 1906
Kenora, 1907
Wanderers,
1908 to 1909
Haileybury,
1910

NEWSY LALONDE of Renfrew Club

HOCKEY SERIES

Newsy Lalonde,
Montreal,
Has played with
Cornwall,
Previously
Toronto Pro.,
1908
Canadian,
1909
Renfrew, 1910

Courtesy Cobalt Mining Museum

Hockey cards first issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company in 1910, right, featured superstars of the era, like Clark, Ross, and Lalonde.

Nets, points, and rovers

HOCKEY WAS VERY DIFFERENT in the early days. There were seven players per team: a goaltender, who wore thickened cricket pads and gloves, no mask, guarded a shallow net (or "nets," as it was was referred to) and was not allowed to leave his feet; a "point" who positioned himself 15 feet in front of his goalie and was given to lofting the puck down the ice to relieve pressure; a "cover point" stationed another 15 feet forward; a "rover" who stood just behind the centreman and played all over the ice; and of course, a left wing, right wing, and centre. They wore no helmets, often had magazines strapped to their shins as pads, and virtually no padding from the waist up. There were two half-hour periods, and the puck was "faced" by the referee (aided in his chores by a "judge-of-play") by placing it on the ice and shouting "play!" No forward passes were allowed, nor were substitutes, so exhausted players often got breathers by intentionally firing the puck into the crowd. Sticks were short, all one piece, with blades as straight as rulers. The wool sweaters were thick and equipped with turtlenecks to keep players warm on natural-ice rinks. Play, contrary to uninformed ideas about how clean "the good old days" were, was often violent.

Haileybury Heritage Museum

arena had been handed the world's most expensive team. First among their number was Taylor, an impossibly fast and skilled player, fond of rink-length dashes that left crowds gasping in admiration. He had been given his famous nickname by Governor General Earl Grey who, thrilled by the sturdy little man's speed and style, had remarked within earshot of a reporter, "that number four, Taylor; he's a cyclone if I ever saw one!" Then there were the legendary Patricks, Lester and Frank, who would revolutionize the game, pioneering artificial ice, the blue line, penalty shots, and many other innovations; Lester would be the brains behind the first New York Rangers. But on that particular night, the Creamery Kings, popularly known as the "Millionaires" for their sky-high salaries, were second best to Cobalt. Back home the results, heard again at the Idle Hour Theatre, produced "Great Rejoicing Among Hockey Fans," according to a headline in next day's *Nugget*.

A few days later things got even better. The Canadian Hockey Association folded, and the Stanley Cup–champion Ottawa Senators and venerable Montreal Shamrocks joined the NHA. Crowds had been small at CHA games, a result of the O'Briens' theft of many of their big-ticket players.

So now there was only one big league, almost inevitably the Stanley Cup league. And Cobalt and Haileybury were in it. The two silver-town teams readied themselves for their first head-to-head clash. Haileybury had played the Cup challengers from Galt, Ontario a few days earlier and thumped them 8 to 6 before a capacity audience that had carried them from the ice on their shoulders. But playing their Temiskaming rivals was what really counted.

And the news just kept getting bigger that week. Haileybury announced they had enticed Art Ross north again, and fellow CHA star goaltender Paddy Moran, signing both to big contracts. (Moran, a hall-of-fame player, often wore an open cardigan in the nets, so it would flap about and snag missed pucks.) It was rumoured that Ross was to be paid the astounding salary of $2,700 for the 12-game season, about 10 weeks' work. His contract, held today by the Hockey Hall of Fame, confirms as much. (This was during a time when hockey sticks were being advertised in the *Nugget* for 25 cents each and a pair of woolen long johns could be had for a dollar; when the principal of the new Haileybury public school was paid a handsome $1,500 for a 12-month agreement.)

The scene was set for the big game. The management of the Plaza, the 750-seat theatre attached to the Haileybury rink, scheduled a

series of boxing matches to follow the game, something else for the miners and their bosses to bet on. And bet they did on the hockey game. News of their prodigious wagers was almost as well covered throughout the country as the game itself. One man plunked down $500 at a Cobalt store and publicly demanded a taker, another lost $1,800, and overall the money that changed hands was in the tens of thousands of dollars – and perhaps higher.

The arena was jammed to the rafters and the game did not disappoint. Cobalt, dressed in red, white, and blue with the town's name on their chests, and the Comets in their maroon and white with a huge *H*, "played a glorious game and the crowd at times were delirious with the delight of battle." But one team had to win, and in the end, it was Cobalt, 7 to 6 in overtime, sending their fans (many of whom were standing after having arrived by train to find their seats taken) "mad with frenzy." Reddy McMillan, who scored the winning goal, collapsed with emotion and exhaustion at game's end.

Four nights later on the same ice, an almost equally thrilling match took place before an equally large crowd. The mighty Montreal Wanderers, this time in town for a game that counted, were knocked off by the Comets. "Ross," it was written, "put up the game of his life."

But from that moment on, things went downward. Plagued by difficult schedules that had them making road trips that none of the other league members were required to endure, both northern teams foundered. They won a total of six more games between them and lost 15. Their records, both at four wins and eight losses, tied them for fourth in the seven-team league, with only the woeful Shamrocks and youthful Canadiens behind them. Crowds even began to dwindle.

By the time the Canadiens came to the towns in March (and lost both games), wearing their blue and white uniforms with the large *C* on the chest, interest (and perhaps the miners' money), was truly waning. So the only visit of the fabled Montreal Canadiens to northern Ontario passed without fanfare. As did the final game, in which Haileybury revenged their earlier loss to Cobalt with a 14 to 9 win on foreign ice. Cobalt, perhaps ignored by the O'Briens, who were concentrating on Renfrew's Stanley Cup run, had nearly folded late in the year, only to be propped up by the mayor and a few other wealthy backers.

When the season ended on March 15, it was obvious that the NHA would never return to the north. Renfrew, muttering that they were fatigued by their northern trip (a common complaint) lost a key game to the Wanderers and were eliminated from Stanley Cup contention. They also lost to the Senators in overtime before a record crowd of more than 7,000 in Ottawa's 5,000-seat arena, a game that electrified the nation and featured sedate civil servants pelting the traitorous Taylor with vegetables. (The Cyclone would get revenge a few games later by scoring a goal on the Senators' star goaltender Percy Lesueur...while skating backwards.) The Wanderers went on to beat Ottawa and win the right to accept challenges from lesser leagues for the Stanley Cup. They also landed a trophy made of solid Cobalt silver that the O'Briens had provided for the league's first-place finishers.

The miners and their bosses bet on the hockey game. News of their prodigious wagers was almost as well covered throughout the country as the game itself. ... Overall the money that changed hands was in the tens of thousands of dollars — and perhaps higher.

The O'Briens would lose interest in hockey by the end of the following season, and even Renfrew was disbanded. Ambrose's likeness looks down from the walls of the Hockey Hall of Fame as the man who founded the Montreal Canadiens. In 1917, the NHA became the NHL, and to this day its top scorer is awarded the Art Ross Trophy.

After a horrific 1922 fire burnt Haileybury to the ground and the stock market crashed in 1929, the silver towns began a slow fade. Today if you visit Cobalt and Haileybury, you will see shells of a former glory. The silver is all but gone and so is the bustle in the streets. Haileybury is still beautiful, but shrunken. Cobalt, home to 1,500 loyal souls and many ghostly mine shafts, barely clings to life on the unforgiving side of a hard, granite hill. But at the centre of both towns you will still find the heart and soul of any Canadian community: two small but active hockey rinks, with historic photos on their walls reminding anyone who cares to look of a time of fortune seekers, millionaires, and our own style of legendary hired guns. ◆

Shane Peacock is a Toronto-based freelance writer and frequent contributor to The Beaver.

DONALD CREIGHTON

Casting the Net of his *Macdonald*

ONE OF CANADA'S GREAT HISTORIANS, Donald Creighton, is best remembered for his luminous biography of Sir John A. Macdonald, published in two volumes in 1952 and 1955. It is a work notable not only for what it revealed about Canada's first prime minister, but for its vivacious writing and meticulous research. It set a standard for style and substance that historians since have admired, even if they could not match it. *Macdonald* is now being republished by the University of Toronto Press, and P. B. Waite's introduction about Creighton is here edited for *The Beaver*.

by P. B. Waite

Half a century ago, the history department at the University of Toronto inhabited a spacious old house at the corner of St. George and College Streets that once belonged to Robert Baldwin (1804–58). In 1950–51, in a large west room on the ground floor of Baldwin House, as it was known, Donald Creighton held his graduate seminars in Canadian history from 1840 to 1900. There were a dozen graduate students there that year (some of them war veterans) from several universities, myself among them. The topic for paper and discussion one January afternoon in 1951 was the Pacific Scandal, given by an M.A. student from western Canada. The paper was not that good, a slapdash affair grubbed up from secondary sources, mostly from Sir Joseph Pope's biography of Macdonald published in 1894. There was little use of primary sources, nothing from the Royal Commission Report on the scandal, nothing from the newspapers. Creighton, long, lean, and pensive, presided at the head of the table.

In our experience he had always been fair. That he had opinions we knew, but he rarely obtruded them. He was after what had really happened; he neither wanted nor expected conformity with his own views. Creighton respected evidence and taught us to do so. You could tell him anything if you could prove it from the documents. He wanted—and expected—you to reach for the truth, whatever that might be. So he did not ride roughshod over student papers; now, however, after 15 minutes it was all too patent that this Pacific Scandal paper was thin and the effort put into it negligible. Creighton raised his hand. "I think," he said coolly and politely, "that we shall have to tidy this up a little." Creighton had never done this before; we sat silent, a little abashed that one of our number had, so to speak, let down the side.

We soon forgot our discomfort, and Creighton made no further mention of it. We soon forgot even the winter afternoon closing in outside.

Creighton began to weave the story of the Pacific Scandal, the railway negotiations, the struggle between Montreal and Toronto over Canadian Pacific Railway control, the blackmail once the Americans got themselves in, how the Liberals bribed a clerk in J. J. C. Abbott's Montreal office, who stole in and got at the files, pulled out the incriminating letters and telegrams, and sidled out into the Montreal night; how they were published in the newspapers in July 1873, and how Macdonald handled the whole messy affair (not all that well). We were on the edge of our seats, with Creighton like a sorcerer around a campfire telling the story of a great adventure. Finally, with Macdonald having resigned with his government in ruins, Creighton stopped. "That, gentlemen," said he, "is the Pacific Scandal."

We burst into applause. Most of us had never heard anything like it before; some of us have heard nothing like it since. It was a bravura performance.

Donald Creighton came of a literary family, the son of Laura Harvie and William Black Creighton, editor of the Methodist *Christian Guardian*. Born in Toronto, July 15, 1902, he was brought up in a modest west-end home on Hewitt Avenue, just east of High Park. He went to Humberside Collegiate, and then took honour English and history at Victoria College, where he graduated in 1925. He went on to Balliol College, Oxford, in the autumn of 1925 on a scholarship, feeling very much the colonial in accent, style, clothing, manners, and money. He was a product of the Methodist Toronto of the 1920s, narrow and earnest (though in its decidedly bourgeois way it tried to be civilized). In Humberside Collegiate Creighton had learned by heart a good deal of English poetry: Browning poems and more radically for that time, Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" (of 1867). In some ways that poem sums up Creighton's early alternations of love and despair:

...the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

He had an extraordinary knowledge of, and memory for, poetry. He was well read in English literature and in French; he believed scholars should be. He was difficult to beat in that game over drinks and friendship when one added, if one could, to the first line of a poem the next, or even the rest, of the stanza.

At Oxford Creighton read little on the constitutional history of the British Empire, often the heartland for Canadian students. Instead he read European and British history, and slowly gathered around him, like a cloak, the great traditions of European civilization. But a Canadian he was born and it showed. Indeed he soon came to resent not having been born and brought up English; that Humberside schooling was not Marlborough or Winchester. He would resent even more the airs and contumely reserved by the English for colonials, however talented, who might occasionally affront well-established manners and traditions.

City of Toronto Archives, SC 244-3108

Donald Creighton, left: a scholar's passion for accuracy; a dramatist's urge to tell a good story.

Baldwin House, where Creighton held his graduate seminars, "like a sorcerer around a campfire."

One of those traditions was certainly that Oxford undergraduates did not marry. After his first year, however, on June 23, 1926, Creighton married Luella Bruce, a handsome, sprightly girl from Stouffville, Ontario. The couple lived for a time separately, Luella in Paris and her young husband at Balliol. Creighton wanted to do graduate work at the University of Paris when he finished his Oxford B.A. in 1927.

However, when in the autumn of 1927 he was offered a lectureship in history at the University of Toronto, he accepted. He did not give up ambitions of research in French history; teaching a course in the French Revolution whetted his appetite. But on a lecturer's salary, a summer's research in Paris was desperately draining, and the young couple came home from the first summer's work in 1928 in parlous financial circumstances. In Toronto he would remain to the end of his life, save the odd research trip abroad. He was made assistant professor in 1932, associate in 1939, and the top rank in 1945.

His early years in Canadian research produced *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence*, published

in 1937. The Laurentian interpretation of Canadian history at the core of this book was derived from the work of Harold Adams Innis (1894–1952). It rested on Canadian geographic reality and an economic view of Canadian history that came out of the fur trade, with its vast western and northern reaches. It was Canadian experience with a perspective out of central Canada, in which Confederation would later become the centrepiece. Further, the work that Creighton did for the Rowell Sirois Commission, *British North America at Confederation* (1940), reinforced his conviction that the strong powers given to the Dominion government in 1867 had been systematically weakened by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. Through all of this, Creighton's nationalism came gradually into being.

Creighton was not just concentrating on the central character, he was trying to *be* the central character, to see the world through Macdonald's eyes, to measure it with Macdonald's thinking.

So he came naturally to work on the development of Canadian nationality after 1867; after a Guggenheim fellowship in 1940 to 1941 and a Rockefeller in 1944 to 1945, he settled on Sir John A. Macdonald. When he applied for a Nuffield grant to enable him to go to England for the winter of 1951 to 1952, the research for *Macdonald* was two thirds complete and one third of Volume 1 had already been written, much of it in the ancient Canadian archives building on Sussex Drive that now houses the War Museum. Luella wrote from Port Carling, Muskoka, July 5, 1951, "I hope you are roaring through chapter nine, and looking forward with happy anticipation to chapter ten and that all your [Ottawa] friends are rallying round." That was all very well out of cool Muskoka, but in summer, that old archives building in Ottawa reeked of heat and humanity in shirtsleeves.

Creighton wrote *Macdonald* from the documents, from Macdonald's letters and others', aiming continually to reveal Macdonald through his own words and actions. C. M. MacInnes, a Canadian and historian then at the University of Bristol, thought Creighton was hard on Joseph Howe. Creighton conceded the point:

> Perhaps I was a bit hard on Joseph Howe, or perhaps, in justice to myself, I ought to say that I had not enough space to be really fair to him. I have always felt attracted to him rather than the reverse. In a biography, one must concentrate upon the central character to such an extent that the rest of the cast has to be given rather summary treatment.

There was more to it than that. Creighton was not just concentrating on the central character, he was trying to *be* the central character, to see the world through Macdonald's eyes, to measure it with Macdonald's thinking. As he told Margaret Aitken of the Toronto *Telegram*, in doing the biography of Macdonald, "one pours oneself into it." Norman Ward remarked in the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix* that Creighton not only liked and disliked the same people as Macdonald but sometimes he disliked Macdonald's opponents more than Macdonald himself.

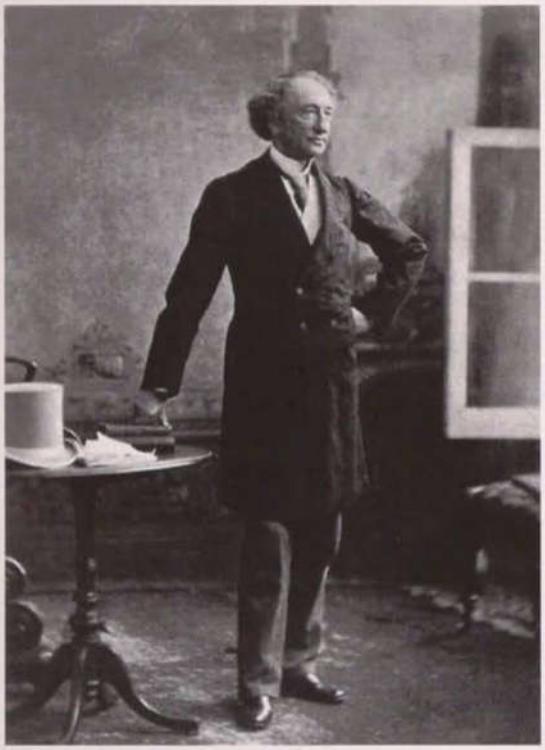
Macdonald was also more malleable than Creighton; R. C. Brown noted that Macdonald "had the master politician's sense that a conciliatory word or gesture could turn yesterday's enemy into today's ally." Would Creighton have done that? In cabinet Macdonald lived for nine years with J. A. Chapleau's illimitable love of intrigue; when in 1885 Chapleau's death was falsely reported, Macdonald praised Chapleau's good qualities even to his private secretary, Joseph Pope, though he knew well what Chapleau was capable of. Creighton described Francis Hincks (p.217) as "bleakly clever, drably efficient," enjoying a certain vein of malice against Macdonald's opponents. Unlike Macdonald, who claimed a public man could have no resentments, Creighton seemed to have a number of them. The Hincks reference, and others to George Brown, Edward Blake, and Oliver Mowat, prompted F. H. Underhill to comment in 1958 that he would have had more confidence in *Macdonald* as history were it not that Macdonald's political opponents "were not only intellectually deficient and morally delinquent, but also physically repulsive."

Creighton delighted in resonant adjectives and rotund adverbs: the countryside west of Kingston broadening out "comfortably in pleasant and fertile amplitudes" (p.9); the bedroom of Macdonald's first wife, Isabella, in 1852 "full of equivocal silences and nervous apprehensions" (p.174). These phrases call up Arthur Lower's comment in the *United Church Observer* (December 1, 1952) "the adjective kills the noun." Still, "equivocal silences" has its own special resonance, as doubtless Creighton intended it.

Norman Ward loved Creighton's marvellous way with the research materials of history, the way Creighton had made a glowing canvas from the primitive colours research provided. Ward quoted with delight a long passage from p.224, where Macdonald had brought Isabella to

Toronto for the legislative session. She became ill; it is January 1856, in a boarding house west on Wellington Street:

> At night, when he walked homeward along King Street, the brief sullen winter sunset had already faded in the west...A dozen times he really expected to find her dead when he arrived...Yet with her feeble but persistent resolution, she lived on. She waited for him in the dim sickroom; and there, night after night, he stayed with her. The town was busy with dances, dinners, and parties...He was inundated with invitations; but he refused them all. Night after night, while the frost struck the desolate little street into icy stillness, he sat up with Isabella; and night after night the candle burned itself slowly downward to its socket.



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Sir John A. Macdonald: revealed through his own words and actions.

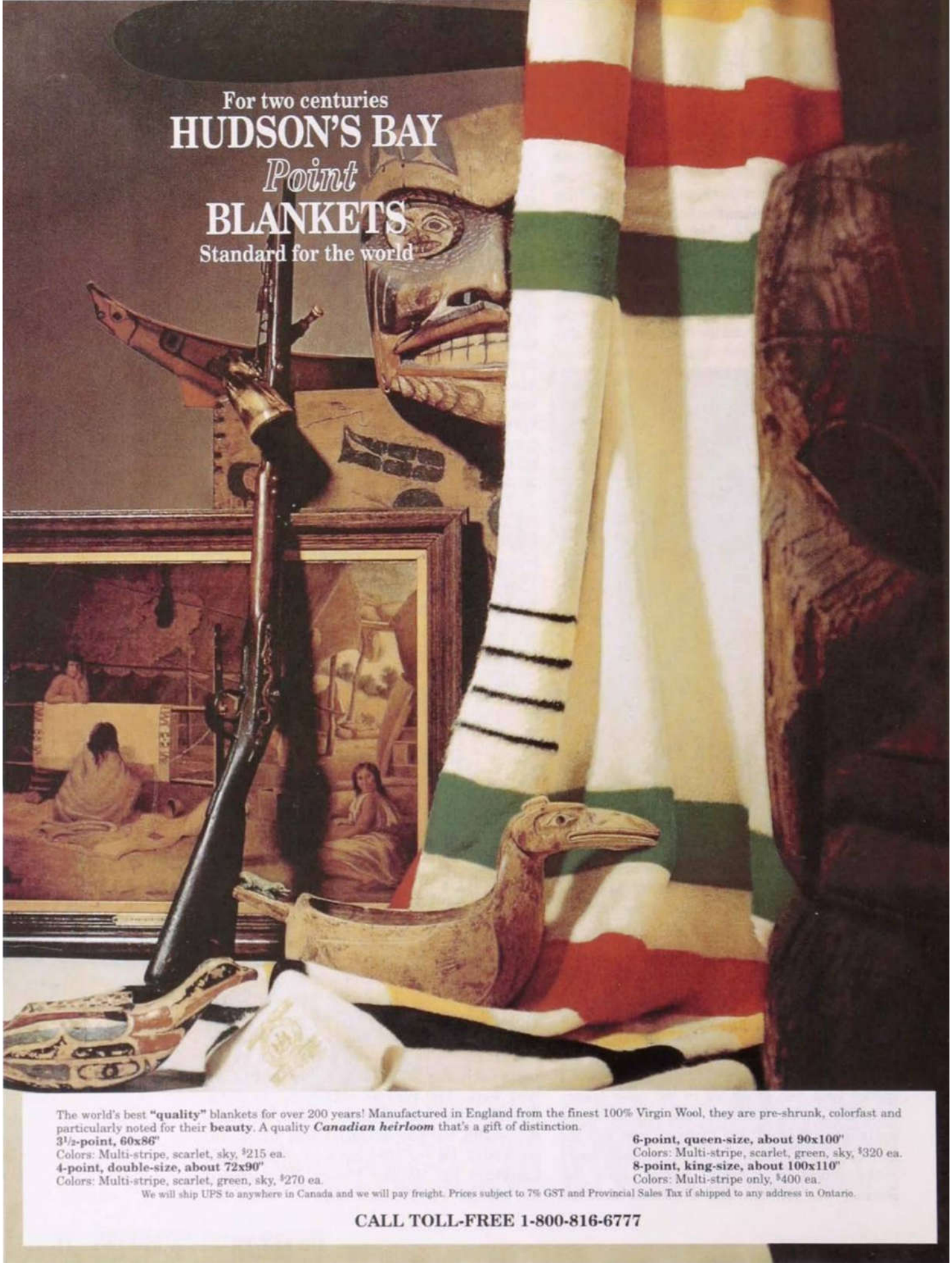
That's good writing. It is also sustainable history, as close to Ranke's *wie es eigentlich gewesen ist* (as it really was) as one could have any reason to expect. Yet the documentary authority for it is probably thin – weather reports in the newspapers, a letter or two about Macdonald's wife's health and his life in Toronto. It illustrates Creighton's belief that history was literature of a special kind, but grounded in the same canon, with form, plot, structure, that details would come into afterward; the shafts of light and life that Creighton, imbued with the *zeitgeist*, could evoke almost at a touch. Indeed, once the research was finished and a skeletal structure assembled, the actual writing would go quickly, page after page in Creighton's small, neat hand, with hardly an emendation.

From the start of his work on Macdonald, Creighton was encouraged by Harold Innis, a considerable historian himself, whom Creighton much admired. It was mutual. Discharged from hospital after cancer treatment, Innis read the proofs of volume 1. He was highly approving. "I am of course confirmed in my earlier view that this marks a new epoch in historical writing in Canada...and will compel a rewriting and a drastic revision of the content of Canadian history. What a contrast with Mackenzie King!" Innis told George Ferguson of the *Montreal Star* that the book "would set a mark so high that it might scare MacGregor Dawson [King's biographer] off the task he had undertaken!" His only complaint to Creighton was that each chapter read all too quickly. As for Creighton's dedication of *Macdonald* to him, Innis said it was "the highest honour, academic or otherwise which I will ever achieve."

If the highest, it was also the last. Innis hoped "to get back to normal in the not too distant future but it is exasperatingly slow. I still write letters only to the Creightons." That was in August 1952. Innis died November 8. Innis was Creighton's intellectual mentor, and Creighton was Innis' interpreter. Creighton remembered Innis in a biography published in 1957, which he felt was never given its proper due.

That was Creighton's besetting sin: envy. Envy unnerved his spirit, clouded his thought, made a Dover Beach of his joy. Ultimately Creighton would receive all the accolades Canada and friends could offer, including the Order of Canada. But in the important world of Britain, who knew or cared much about Canada, dead Canadian politicians, or even live Canadian historians? Or about the fact that Max Beloff in *The Spectator* (1953) declared that "in Donald Creighton the University of Toronto has one of the half dozen best historians now writing anywhere in the English-speaking world"? When Creighton went to England, he was warmly greeted by his friends, but otherwise the great society of London paid little attention to one of the six best historians in the English-speaking world. Macmillan's of London took only 250 copies of his *Macdonald*. It was gall and wormwood.

That may have been one reason why by the 1960s Creighton had come to dislike the English, their ways, their sublime indifference to things Canadian. He believed in the Crown, the Commonwealth, but now he often found the English intolerable. He was contemptuous of anglophile Canadians like Vincent Massey. What created this change was a combination of things, his



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Canadian nationalism not least, but also the difference between the young impressionable Creighton of the mid-1920s and the mature historian of the mid-1960s, made bitter by fame insufficiently requited.

Cyril James, Principal of McGill 1939–62, asked by the Rockefeller Foundation to supervise the work going forward on the Mackenzie King biography, asked Creighton about his mode of operation. The resentment in Creighton's reply was clear. While he had had some grants, in 1944 a Rockefeller, in 1951 a Nuffield, apart from these and a few short summer grants from the University of Toronto, "no other body and no other person has supported my project either directly or indirectly. I have done all the work myself, and have never had any secretarial assistance. I must confess that I have often envied the lavish fashion in which Mr. King's biography has been supported."

Creighton's other deadly sin was anger. He had a short temper that could be aroused by ignorance, offences against history or against his vanity. He was a member of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada 1957–71; once at Niagara-on-the-Lake in the late 1960s he was accidentally left behind at the hotel, while his colleagues went off surveying Fort George. Someone remembered him and went back. There he was, all 6 foot 2 inches of him, pacing up and down the sidewalk outside the Oban Inn. He was in a smoking fury. As he got in the car he gave one contemptuous snort, "You sons of bitches!" In half an hour it had all passed.

Creighton's reputed insensitivity was apt to be his own astringent mixture of those two sins, envy and anger. But he was not a boor, even if occasionally he could behave like one. He was sympathetic and generous to his graduate students. When one graduate student and his wife both had to set to and teach Basic English at night school to make ends meet, Creighton was horrified. "Oh, God, so it's come to this!" He sought out Vincent Bladen, and between them, they found $1,200 to establish the student as an Innis Memorial Scholar. "There," he said, "now you can find your way more comfortably in the wake of a great Canadian scholar."

Macdonald, the Young Politician was published by Macmillan of Canada in October 1952. John Gray, the company president from 1946 to 1978, took an active interest from the start. Macmillan's printed 5,000 copies, a big printing. It was exhausted in six months, and at least two reprints followed.

Creighton's book was received with tremendous acclaim. It was the first substantial Canadian biography published in many years. Gratton O'Leary in the *Ottawa Journal* said it was the best since Willison's *Laurier* of 1905. There were a few caveats from Arthur Ford of the *London Free Press*, and the *Peterborough Examiner* did not like the opening sentence, but really there was an explosion of enthusiasm. Macdonald's granddaughter, Isabella Macdonald Gainsford, liked it. Arthur Meighen was delighted, although he could not agree with Creighton's implied criticism of the "double shuffle" of 1858. (The Cartier-Macdonald government, said Meighen, "complied strictly with the law.") C. M. MacInnes wrote Creighton the minute he finished the last page with his "very great admiration...The function of the historian is to tell a story...there are still some left who believe that history should also be literature."

"The function of the historian is to tell a story...there are still some left who believe that history should also be literature."

Creighton was in Ottawa in October 1952 for the launching of volume 1, and fresh from the accolades above, returned to England for the research and writing of volume 2, this time on a Rockefeller grant. The Canadian research was already in hand, but he needed work in English collections. While in England he was solicited to stand for the presidency of the University of New Brunswick. That was almost certainly Beaverbrook's doing. Creighton was annoyed with the University of Toronto for the lack of recognition for his three substantial works already published, and his just-launched *Macdonald*. One of the last things Innis did, in the summer of 1952, was to tell Claude Bissell, the new vice-president of University of Toronto, that they could very well lose Creighton. By mid-September 1952, Creighton was appointed Chairman of Division I of Graduate Studies for three years, in recognition of his "outstanding contribution to the University." That did not prevent him from being interested in the presidency of University of New Brunswick. However, when Colin B. McKay was appointed, Creighton's aspirations as university president seem to have gone no further.

Creighton stayed in England writing until just before the start of lectures, arriving in Toronto late September 1953. He was then on the second last chapter, but was now plunged into academic responsibilities. He was hoping to finish by the summer of 1954. Macmillan's did not push him. "We'll welcome your manuscript when it comes,"

John Gray said, and added, "I expect to print 15,000 (count 'em)."

Gray was reading chapters, and by December 1954 he'd read the first 11 and had a few comments. The Red River Rebellion of 1869–70 was unclear, especially its outcome. That was not surprising, for it was a difficult story to make clear. Moreover, though Gray professed this a minor point,

> the impression that comes through of your own complete lack of sympathy toward the half-breeds. This may be entirely designed, but if not you should be aware of it. The feeling is conveyed in your choice of adjectives (at the time of the 1870 rebellion and again in '84) intractable, improvident, restless, unpredictable—and the very fact that they are almost always referred to as half-breeds instead of metis [*sic*]. The adjectives are, of course, accurate but I feel sure you have more sympathy for them than the reader would think. As it stands this impression would give much offence in the West.

The anguish of his last 10 years came from his profound knowledge of Canadian history... and from its juxtaposition with Canada's present.

It is difficult to know what changes Gray's comments effected. It was Creighton's business, and Gray thoroughly admired the manuscript. "I am congratulating us," he said, "We are going to be very proud of this book." Nevertheless, Creighton was Ontario-born just 17 years after the Saskatchewan rebellion, and did not really know the West. The point is not irrelevant. It's a long way by train (or any other way) from Toronto to Winnipeg. Creighton quoted the letter Macdonald wrote Cartier, November 27, 1869, sympathizing with the position of the Métis. (pp. 46–47 in vol. 2): "All these poor people know is that Canada has bought the country from the Hudson's Bay Company, and that they are handed over like a flock of sheep to us." But Creighton omitted what some might have considered the most important part of that letter: "...and they are told that they may lose their lands and everything they value. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that they should be dissatisfied, and show their discontent."

It is impossible to say that Creighton deliberately suppressed this second section. The quotation was already sufficiently long, and Creighton did not like long quotations—they cluttered narrative. Gray could not have known what this omission was, but Creighton's suppression of it, if that is what it was, may have been an illustration of what was nagging at the back of mind.

If volume 1 created delight, volume 2 created sensation. Creighton opened up a good deal; invigorated and emboldened by the success of volume 1, he shook himself free of any lingering academic hesitations and launched himself into the Macdonald of post-1867. His boldness was in effect sanctified by the tremendous increase in the range and quality of the Macdonald Papers from 1867 to 1891 and by his getting the use of Lady Agnes Macdonald's diary. Volume 1 brought out the superlatives, in Arthur Meighen not least:

> This is the finest biography any Canadian has produced. We must never forget the years of toil, the dauntless perseverance which these volumes have cost you. I comfort myself in the thought that my children and my children's children will feel the same inspiration that I have felt.

George Stanley in the *Queen's Quarterly* agreed. It was the combination of scholarship and literary skill, "too rarely found in historians, that gives Mr. Creighton's work the quality of greatness." Stanley disagreed with Creighton's interpretation of Louis Riel and with Creighton's views of Macdonald's French-Canadian colleagues, but all that was forgiven in a book that "blazes with spirit... It fulfills the hardest task of the historian, that of breathing life into the past. Macdonald stands before us warm, humorous, clever, lovable."

Hilda Neatby entered, however, a discerning critique on CBC's "Critically Speaking." We don't get into Macdonald's mind, she said,

> and for a curious reason. Professor Creighton is constantly opening the door, but having done so he stands in the way and blocks the view. And we hear a voice, but we are not quite sure whether it is Macdonald or Creighton who speaks.... This method, used throughout the book, of blending his voice with the voice of his subject, prevents Mr. Creighton from offering the mature and informed judgments on Macdonald that he is so abundantly qualified to make.

Creighton's *Macdonald* volume 1 took the Governor General's gold medal in 1952; volume 2 took it in 1955. *Macdonald* came out in paperback. But within 20 years much had changed, with political history becoming less fashionable. Besides that, by the 1960s Creighton's personal glory had come to be clouded by new ideas and movements that buffeted his sensibilities; the

anguish of his last 10 years came from his profound knowledge of Canadian history, especially of Confederation, and from its juxtaposition with Canada's present, the present of the Quiet Revolution and the indignity of the FLQ crisis in 1970.

What eventually alienated Creighton was French-Canadian nationalism. It made him angry. He told Eugene Forsey, May 1971, that French-Canadian nationalism had "succeeded in weakening my nation." Donald Wright, in a comprehensive and able analysis of Creighton's attitudes to French Canada, makes the point that Creighton's anger too often was taken for intolerance. Creighton was rather, Wright argues,

> defending the truth as he understood it.... While he could tolerate differences of interpretation, he could not abide what he saw as outright fabrication...Two nations, associate state, special status: these were all notions Creighton found big-hearted, soft-headed, rooted in bad history and ultimately dangerous to his country. On this point he was not alone.

But by the mid-1970s he was largely beyond those positions, which at least had historical justification. At times he could be venomous, even paranoid about French Canadians, their hands "in the till" as he put it. It warped his judgment, inflamed his mind; Mirabel airport sent him down "deep...in the caverns of his rage."

Creighton's alienation by French-Canadian attitudes came also because he visited their nationalism from premises that were old and not always at one with French-Canadian realities. They had always been ambiguous: gratitude for British political institutions but holding close love for French and for France. For Quebec, Canadian confederation was always a *mariage de convenance*. Michel Brunet had to remind him, "*Survivre n'est pas vivre.*" Creighton seemed not to understand, either, the French-Canadian sense of being continually threatened, surrounded as it really was now, by a tide of English growing incrementally. The new television programs of the 1960s, so many of them in English from both Canada and the United States, made the threat to the French language all the more palpable.

Toward the end of the 1970s, when Creighton was already ill with cancer, some friends took him to a performance of Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, an opera that Creighton knew only distantly. Toward the end of the first act the Marschallin, the Princess von Werdenberg, in her mid-30s, embraces her 17-year-old lover Octavian first with love, then with philosophy. You will love and marry someone else, she says, someone younger and prettier than me. Time runs off with us all. You can't hold it:

> *Die Zeit...fliesst sie wieder, lautlos, wie eine Sanduhr. Oh, Quinquin! Manchmal hor' ich sie fliessen—unaufhaltsam.* (Time flows on, silently, like sand in an hourglass. Oh, Quinquin! Very often I hear it running—inexorably.)

It was not the first time such reflections had come to Creighton. He himself used to say, "all, all is ashes." It is evoked magically in the splendid third act of *Rosenkavalier* when the Princess, with Viennese elegance and restraint, ushers Octavian out of her life and gives him to a younger woman. Creighton was in tears.

Cancer caught him finally, December 19, 1979.

A few months later, in the September 1980 *Canadian Forum*, H. V. Nelles published "Creighton's Seminar," a vivid portrait of Creighton the professor. "He taught us first and foremost to respect our evidence. We were expected to plunge into the documents at an early stage and face the bewildering past directly...to exhaust all of the readily available primary sources for our papers." It is a measure of Creighton's integrity as professor and scholar that what had been true in 1950 was still true two decades later. Creighton had a scholar's passion for accuracy and a dramatist's urge to tell a good story. There may have been historians who took their page proofs to the archives to check the quotations; I don't know of any but Creighton who did. He might well have resented one saying that *Macdonald* was his greatest work, but in the perspective of his whole career it is. Of course there are things wrong with it; not a few of the critics were at least partly justified. Yet anyone who has tried knows how difficult it is to do what Creighton did with *Macdonald*. The men and women he described are all dead; their parties, their talk, have almost disappeared without a trace. The traces they left in the archives and in the old newspapers were enough to allow Creighton to make a vivid history of Macdonald's life. Creighton's work is inimitable: its grace, its sheer power of evocation, driven by Creighton's passion for making the past alive and breathing. History happened; Creighton never forgot that elementary lesson. Whatever he touched in those volumes seemed to want to shake off accumulated dust, stand to its feet, and move. Though dead, Macdonald speaks; his jokes and stories are still with us. Creighton died in 1979; his *Macdonald* lives on. ◆

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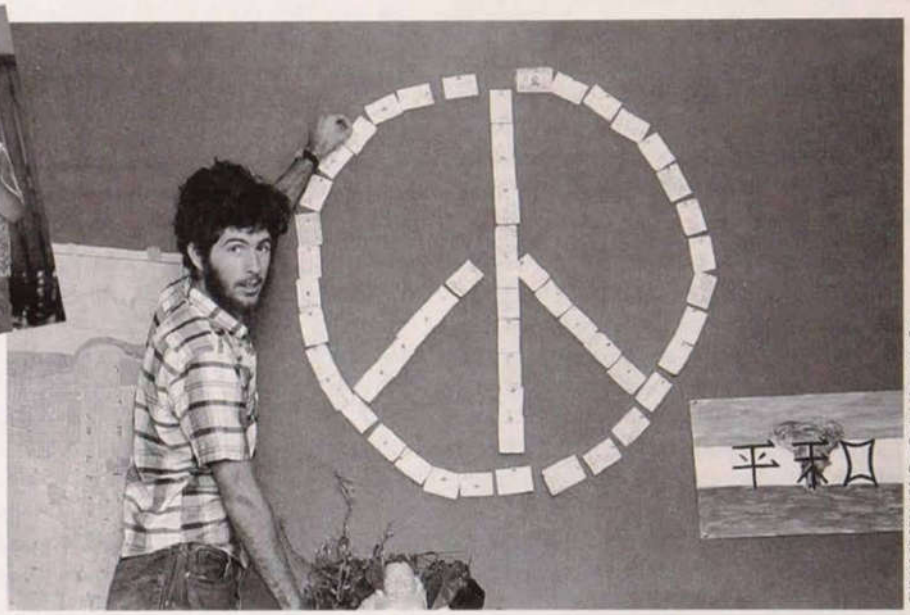
Flower Children in Lotusland

by Tina Loo

At a time when many Canadians feel powerless, confronted with times that are a-changin', but which they can't change, the sixties hold special interest. Who were these beautiful people who wanted to drop out and change the world at the same time? What did they do? And why did they provoke such a strong reaction?

Tina Loo



CVA443 68-3701 15A, Dan Scott / *Vancouver Sun*

"If you can remember the sixties you probably weren't there."

I do remember the sixties—bits and pieces of them, anyway. But my fragmented memory has nothing to do with my having ingested various chemicals. I wasn't the apocryphal sixties person. I'm not a boomer. But I was there. The proof's in the picture: there I am with my mother and brother in my Uncle Jack's backyard—in the hippie haven of Vancouver no less. It was the summer of 1967. The Summer of Love.

Not that I'd have known, of course, being all of four years old. What memories I lacked, I was provided with later by my high school and university teachers. They constantly reminded us that they, as true sixties people, were more radical, more committed, and more effective as a generation than we were, and I hated the smug superiority of it all. Not only did boomers get to define themselves, they got to define me as well! By sheer demographic luck, not only had they set the generational norm against which all others would be measured, but they'd also managed to colonize the airwaves and the marketplace. But at long last the time has come when I, a true *child* of the sixties, get to have a say; to try to figure out what this annoying, but I admit, captivating time was all about.

The sixties, it seems, have the capacity to provoke strong feelings regardless of whether you were "there" or not. This isn't surprising given what's at stake. The battle over the meaning and significance of the sixties is really all about the identity of the generation that came of age in those heady days as well as the one that came before and, like mine, after. Positive or negative, all of us have a relationship to the tumultuous years between 1965 and 1975.

But try to understand that decade and you run into myths and countermyths. On one hand, there's an aura of romance (or is it just purple haze?) that hangs over the sixties. Those were years of high idealism and direct action. Not only did people want to change the world, but they actually believed that was possible, whether it was by tuning in, turning on, and dropping out, as

The central message of the sixties might have been that we were all one big tribe, but the truth of the matter was that most of the participants were white, middle-class kids from the suburbs.

CVA443 68-4046 8, Ray Allan / *Vancouver Sun*

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the good Dr. Leary prescribed, or by taking it to the streets, demonstrating against American imperialism in Vietnam.

On the other hand, people whose business it is to study this period tell us that not everyone was caught up in the countercultural wave that swept across North America between the mid-sixties and early seventies. The central message of the sixties might have been that we were all one big tribe, but the truth of the matter was that most of the participants were white, middle-class kids from the suburbs. Theirs was a revolution born of postwar prosperity. Boxed in in the 'burbs, these cosseted children, raised on television in single-family detached homes with all the modern conveniences, rebelled against the stifling conformity of it all. Maybe all they needed was love, love, love—but that song didn't resonate particularly deeply with their counterparts who grew up on reserves or in the countryside, or who were working class or recent immigrants.

Even if we take a more limited view of the sixties regarding who was really there and who wasn't, we're still left with some conflicting images. How could young people drop out and change the world at the same time?

It helps if we recognize that the counterculture wasn't a single unified movement. If the Vancouver scene is any indication, flower children were of at least two distinct varieties: hippies and student protesters. Cross-pollination and hybridization certainly occurred, but even in the fertile climate of the coastal rainforest, the two strains remained separate, and provoked rather different reactions.

Nineteen sixty-seven was to be the "Summer of Love," or so the young people—the hippies—of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district declared. They invited everyone to come to what would be a summer-long "be-in"; a summer of experiencing the alternative lifestyle.

While hundreds of thousands of people flocked to that city, several thousand went to Canada's "Hippie Hollow" where they could experience the same thing—albeit on a smaller but no less earnest scale. Vancouver's Kitsilano district was the centre of flower power in Canada; Fourth Avenue, between about Maple and Vine, the heart of Hippie Hollow. A kind of Haight Ashbury North, it became the mecca for kids from all over Canada, with "going out west" their great life adventure. It also became the refuge for those American kids fleeing, not the orthodoxy of the suburbs, but the prospect of an early death in Vietnam.

"Love Street" was full of alternative clothing, book, and record stores; head shops; and coffee houses where you could read the alternative press, *The Georgia Straight*. On Thursday nights at the Advance Mattress, a nonprofit "Communist"-run coffeehouse, you could join in the general rap session and speak your mind about anything from LSD to students' rights. If that scene was too heavy, you could drop in at The Polevault, one of the many psychedelic shops on Love Street. There you could sit or lie down on chairs and couches and groove on black-light posters of the zodiac, or spend your money on hookahs, beads, incense, or clothes. According to one satisfied customer, "[It] seemed more like a friend's living room than a shop, and all the people there quickly became friends."

But what did "alternative" living mean? To many Vancouverites, hippies were scuzzy, doped-up, sex-crazed freeloaders, and their vaunted "alternative lifestyle" the antithesis of all that was good and wholesome. Never one to mince words, Mayor Tom Campbell (also known as "Tom Terrific") declared "hippies are scum" and

Far left: The author and family in Vancouver in 1967, the Summer of Love; draft dodger with an arrangement of draft cards, October 1968.

Left: Yippie leader Jerry Rubin speaking to students at Van City College in Vancouver, October 1968.

Except where noted, all photos from City of Vancouver Archives.

The hippies represented a revolution in values that went beyond the externals of clothing and personal hygiene, and sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll. Their "alternative" society meant more.

suggested using the War Measures Act to clear them off the streets. "These kids are lazy, they are clogging the welfare payrolls and they couldn't care less about working for a living," wrote *Vancouver Sun* columnist Denny Boyd. "They annoy me and I wish to hell they'd clear out." The Kitsilano Ratepayers Association claimed that the hippies were "a communist menace." Their loitering on Fourth Avenue had cut business revenues by half, largely because women shoppers, afraid of the "hippies who hang around stores in dirty clothes," would not come in. If something weren't done, Kits would turn into a "psychedelic slum."

Right: Advertisements from **The Georgia Straight,** *1968.*

"We don't want to harm the hippies," President Harold Kidd said soothingly. "[We] want to help them. We feel they should work and clean up for their own sakes."

Ever eager to help others help themselves, Vancouver's finest began a campaign to get the hippies off the streets by arresting them for vagrancy. Anyone found without 10 dollars and who "could not give a good account of himself" was liable to be fined and put on the next bus out of town. Rather than fight a losing battle by arresting and banishing the hippies, Alderman Halford Wilson argued that the hippie population be concentrated in a downtown ghetto where they would be less of an annoyance and where the police could keep an eye on them. Others decided the hippie problem was far too intractable to be solved in this world. Instead, they turned to the Almighty for assistance, taking out ads in *The Georgia Straight* praying for the hippies' salvation in the hereafter.

Of equal concern to the good ratepayers of Kitsilano was the bad influence the "free and easygoing lifestyle" of the hippies had on the city's children and the health hazard they posed to everyone. "I used to take a shower every day," wrote one flower child, "until I realized how stupid it was. Now I take a bath about once a month. I don't see what's so unhealthy about it, but my old lady says it's unhealthy ...Doesn't soap wash away the organic body oils?"

More than their outrageous clothes and outrageous smells, it was the hippies' hair that got the most attention from the "straight" population. Long hair became synonymous with the alternative lifestyle, a symbol of just how far out of the mainstream the hippies were. They couldn't be bothered to bathe, and they couldn't be bothered to cut their hair. That was fine, according to Denny Boyd. But if they wanted to drop out of society then they didn't deserve the same rights society reserved for its members. Following Boyd's March 1968 column, which singled out the hippies who hung out in the Bay's basement, the department store banned anyone with long hair and a beard from its restaurant and malt bar. To make sure none of the hippies congregated on the corner of Georgia and Granville, they posted a worker with a high-pressure hose there—to wash the plate glass windows, of course. All was soon settled when Bay manager Peter Buckley agreed to meet with a delegation of hippies. In what Stan Persky called "The Hudson's Bay Treaty of 1968," the Bay agreed to end its policy of discrimination if the hippies agreed to stop congregating on the street corner.

For Vancouver's young people, long, flowing locks were not just a symbol of rebellion, but also of their sensuality, an emotional openness that set themselves apart from their uptight parents. For many of them, sensuality meant sexuality: thanks to The Pill if nothing else, they could love freely and openly. Ironically, some of the more vocal supporters of free love ended up behind bars. Throughout the late sixties and early seventies, *The Georgia Straight* found itself engaged in ongoing battle with Mayor Campbell. The city tried to revoke the newspaper's business licence, and levelled several charges of obscenity against it and editor Dan McLeod. Among the Mayor's

targets were the sex advice column by a Berkeley California medico who called himself Dr. HIPpocrates and who gave opinions on everything from masturbation to personal hygiene; a column the paper ran on Los Angeles erotic artist Cynthia Plastercaster; and an explicitly illustrated comic strip called "The Adventures of Acidman."

Like the beatniks before them, the hippies believed sex was only one avenue to the emotions; drugs were another. "Tuning in and turning on" was, after all, LSD induced. In 1967, the Narcotic Addiction Foundation of British Columbia identified Vancouver's various drug scenes in a report on psychedelic drug use. There were "the pleasure seekers," executive types living in West-End highrises or the suburbs who smoked up and took LSD socially for sheer enjoyment; the East-End "profiteers" who sold; "the experimenters" in the university district; "the resigned," or older, married hippie population in Kitsilano; and "the defiant" young hip crowd who lived around Fourth Avenue and the West End.

Though drug use seemed to be widespread, authorities believed that selling was concentrated in the city's Gastown district. Tom Terrific's plan for redeveloping the area was the impetus for a renewed assault on drug use and a chance to rid Vancouver of its reputation as the "soft-core drug capital of Canada." The police began cracking down on the drug trade and in 1971 agreed to an offer of help from a private security firm. Shortly after, the hippies counterattacked, calling for a "solidarity smoke-in and street jamboree" at Maple Tree Square. Along with 2,000 invited guests, the city's riot squad also turned up on an August Saturday night for the "Grasstown Smoke-In." When the haze lifted, 79 people had been detained, 38 charged, and 12 hospitalized, to say nothing of the property damage. Though the inquiry struck to investigate police conduct during the riots concluded the mounted men had overreacted, it was also critical of the protesters. Mayor Campbell managed to sail through it all unscathed and was reelected in December.

Why did a group preaching peace, harmony, and sharing provoke such strong feelings? It was not, as the Vancouver *Province* wrote, simply "a matter of hairstyle." Instead, the hippies represented a revolution in values that went beyond the externals of clothing and personal hygiene, and sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll. Their "alternative" society meant more—and that's what was scary.

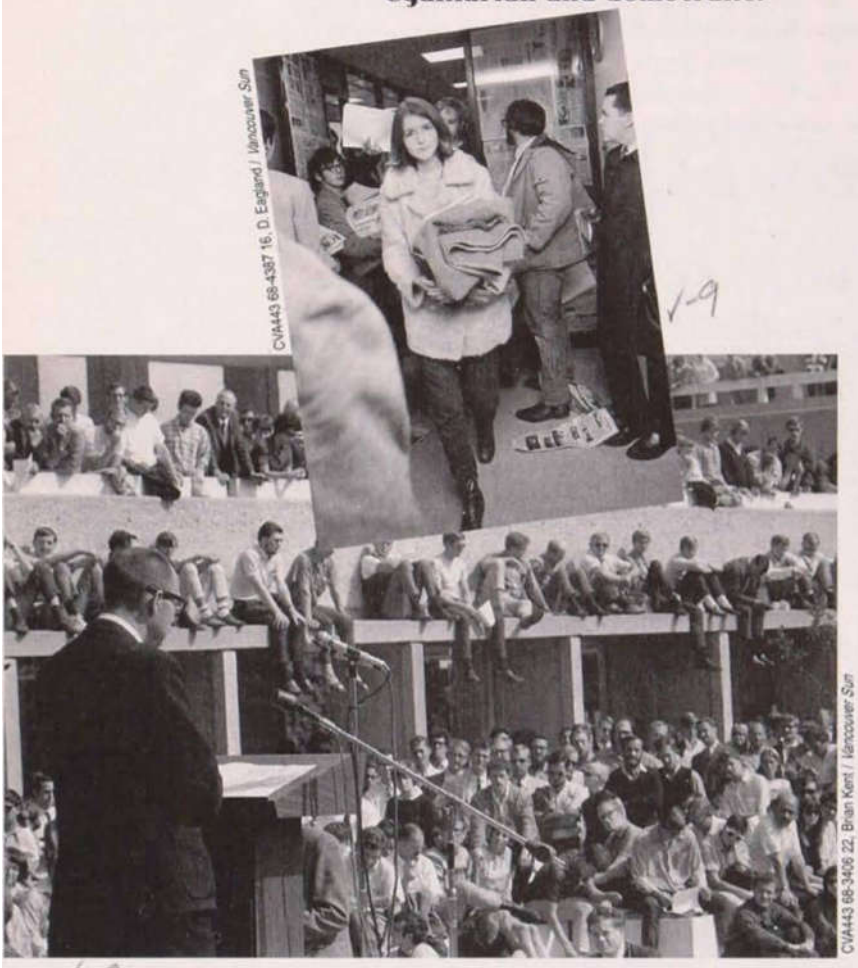
The hippies represented an alternative to mainstream social values forged in the postwar period. They rejected the accumulation of wealth, property, self-centredness, and the whole idea that you would "plan a career"—that life was a matter of following some predetermined set of steps. Instead, those who embraced alternative living believed in simplicity, sharing wealth, and the idea that we were all one big tribe—a belief in the collective over the individual—even to the point of rejecting monogamous relationships. Most important, the alternative community was centred on love—not just sex, but love—love as forgiveness, acceptance, a sense of connection.

That's what communal living was all about—and it was what was behind the alternative social welfare schemes the hippies set up in Kits. The Diggers (who took their name from the seventeenth-century English radicals) provided food for those who needed it, and an organization called Cool Aid provided welfare services—food, shelter, and clothing—and launched the career of a bald-headed lawyer in Bermuda shorts and sandals named Mike Harcourt.

Though the hippies with their long hair, psychedelic drugs, and free love embodied the sixties, they were just one part of the counterculture. Generally speaking, they tended to direct their energies inward to reforming themselves and the small communities they built and lived in. Whereas they dropped out of the mainstream, another group of counterculturalists did just the opposite. Many young people turned their energies outward, confronting the "straight" world directly.

The sixties were a time of explicitly political protest centred on the universities, and many young people set themselves the simple task of changing the world they lived in. And there was a lot to question and change. The Cuban Missile Crisis (1962) brought the world to the brink of nuclear disaster, and the American civil rights movement revealed that not everyone had enjoyed the prosperity of the postwar years. The campuses and streets of the Lower Mainland were filled with demonstrations against the Vietnam war and racism, and in support of women's

The student movement's vision was of an alternative society that was egalitarian and democratic.



CVA443 68-4387 16, D. Eagland / *Vancouver Sun*

CVA443 68-3406 22, Brian Kent / *Vancouver Sun*

Above: Occupation of the administrative offices at Simon Fraser University, November 1968.

Dr. Kenneth Strand, president of Simon Fraser University, addresses students in the wake of the PSA affair, 1969–70.

CVA443 68-2387 8, Dave Looy / *The Province*

Police outside SFU administration building prepare to arrest student protesters, November 1968.
Far right: After the arrests.

rights, gay rights, migrant workers' rights, and environmental issues. Every cause, it seemed, merited at least one march.

But as worthy as those causes were, for many young people revolution rightly began at home, at the institution that loomed largest in their lives: the university. Though their target was local, they didn't think of their grievances and cause as just institutional, provincial, or even national: the battles to come were part of an international struggle for social justice. Whether it was workers' rights, civil rights, the war in Vietnam, or questioning the role of institutions like universities in achieving social change, the student movement's vision was of an alternative society that was egalitarian and democratic. Through international organizations like the SDS(Students for a Democratic Society) and the SDU (Students for a Democratic University), many Canadian students worked in solidarity with students in Paris (famed for its riots of 1968), Berkeley, and London.

In Lotusland, the Summer of Love was followed by two winters of discontent in 1968 and 1969. Things were particularly hot on Burnaby Mountain at the Simon Fraser University campus (also known as "Magic Mountain"). SFU students, like students elsewhere, believed that the university should embody the principles of equality. And when university fell short of the ideal, they just about shut it down.

It all started over a problem with transfer credits from Vancouver City College—hardly the stuff of revolution. But when some persistent students tried to find out just what the university's admissions policy was, things got more interesting. According to *The Peak*, SFU's student newspaper, just 17 percent of the Mountain's student body was working class. It appeared that SFU was an elitist institution; this despite the fact it was only three years old—and had been established to make postsecondary education more accessible!

Angry students confronted the university's administration and demanded an open admissions policy. Everyone, they argued, had the right to a university education. When they didn't get what they wanted, they occupied the administration building and, like the true scholars they were, took the opportunity to do further research on the question of admissions policy. What they discovered in the office filing cabinets only stiffened their resolve. It seemed they'd been wrong: SFU did have an open admissions policy—if your parents happened to be friends of the president. The second discovery was even more shocking: in response to a series of campus protests the previous year, the administration had invited the RCMP to practise their mountaineering skills and

maybe in the process conduct a little surveillance on the student body—just to make sure there weren't any "subversives."

Even though the Mounties surrounded the building and arrested the 114 occupants after a four-day standoff, the damage was done. *The Peak* had a field day, canonizing the "SFU 114" (as the arrested occupants were dubbed), and printing extracts from the incriminating files, including pictures of the undercover Mounties.

As it turned out, the controversy surrounding just who got into the university was nothing compared to the battle over how it should be run. Through the winter of 1969–70, the "PSA Affair" (as it became known) garnered SFU national attention, though not of the kind the administration wanted. PSA was short for Political Science, Sociology, and Anthropology, three disciplines that had been combined into a single department. Like most of Simon Fraser's faculty, the PSA's professors were young and largely American-trained, if not American-born. They were also predominately Marxist and committed to democratizing the university. Putting theory into practice, the PSA faculty decided their department would be run by committees consisting of staff, students, and faculty—something commonplace now but deemed radical then. More significantly, many PSA faculty members and students wanted to revise the curriculum and their research agendas so that they were "relevant" to contemporary events. The university shouldn't be an ivory tower of privilege, but an institution engaged directly in the struggle for social justice. Teaching about class struggle and revolution was a preliminary step in ending oppression.

Reaction was swift and strong. Many faculty outside PSA considered that department's organization would make its governance impossible, and that its vision of a university stifled academic freedom. Opponents argued that faculty should be free to do research and teach whatever they wanted, and that the university should not be guided by a single ideological program. The administration agreed. President Kenneth Strand put the PSA department under "trusteeship," meaning that it would no longer run its own affairs but be governed by a committee of men chosen by the university. To underscore the point, the administration also fired five PSA faculty members.

Almost immediately, the Mountain erupted in protest. Students voted to go on strike in support of PSA, and picketed classes, shutting many of them down. "Counterclasses," on such topics as class struggle, women's liberation, and communes, were offered off-campus, at the Vancouver Labour Temple. The Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT) censured SFU for firing the PSA professors in violation of academic freedom.

The place was a mess, but almost as soon as it started, the revolution on the Mountain was over. A new PSA department head was put in place, and the university simply ignored the censure. Like Tom Terrific, Kenneth Strand had managed to dodge a bullet.

Though the student protesters on Magic Mountain were explicitly political, concerned with changing "the system" by confronting it

CVA443 68-2387 27, Dave Logy / The Province

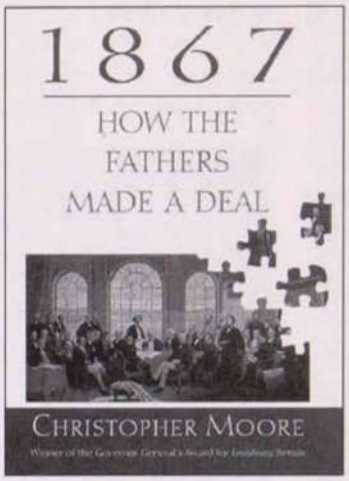
head on, in the end their frontal assault didn't scare mainstream society as much as the hippies did. This was partly because their protests were localized rather than being spread throughout the city. And, for all their rhetoric, these protesters were still students; they were enrolled in a mainstream institution and manifested a degree of conformity that was entirely absent among the hippies. For rather than engage mainstream society directly as their comrades in the student movement did, the hippies withdrew and tried to fashion smaller communities around alternative values. In the process, they ran up against a city suffused with a development ethos and concerned about its image. Ironically, dropping out in Lotusland was more subversive and threatening than struggling on. ◆

Tina Loo, professor of history at Simon Fraser University, is the 1997–1998 Seagram Chair at the McGill Institute of Canadian Studies.

Confederation Revisited

BY MICHAEL BLISS

1867: HOW THE FATHERS MADE A DEAL
By Christopher Moore.
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1997.
279 pp., $29.95 hardcover.



Christopher Moore, the prolific freelance historian and *Beaver* columnist, became interested in constitution making while watching the collapse of the Meech Lake Accord. He naturally turned to Confederation as an example of how to succeed in the business, but was dissatisfied with the accounts of the Fathers' manoeuvrings as presented in the works of Donald Creighton, P. B. Waite, and others. So he wrote his own book–*1867: How the Fathers Made a Deal*–and it is highly recommended. Here is the latest work on the founding of our country from the pen of an historian who always writes with grace and intelligence.

Unlike earlier writers, Moore reads the Confederation era in light of Meech and the also-rejected Charlottetown Accord. Initially struck by the fact that the Maritime delegations to the 1864 Charlottetown conference included leaders of opposition groups in the legislature, Moore spins a complex argument to the effect that the deal makers of the 1860s developed a process that gave their work real legitimacy. He is fascinated by that era's faith in responsible and representative government and that the electoral franchise in British North America almost amounted to manhood suffrage. He uses these characteristics of the political system as the context within which a cast of fascinating political leaders–Brown, Tupper, Tilley, Macdonald, Cartier, et al.–hammer out the enduring constitution for a new nationality.

By contrast, the prima-donna-ish, presidential premiers and prime ministers of the modern age clearly strike Moore as having been thoughtless faux-Fathers of reconfederation, men who never understood the need for real consensus building. Part of their blindness stemmed from arrogant assumptions that they could control their legislatures through party discipline. Part of the whole country's modern-day blindness, Moore seems to be saying, is that we have thoroughly devalued traditional parliamentary institutions while chasing after the chimera of direct democracy. The result is that we live in contempt of our politicians, our political system, and, in some writing, of the achievements and wisdom of our political traditions.

No one admires Chris Moore's talent and professionalism more than this reviewer. *1867* incorporates recent scholarship, is a good read, deserves to have a wide audience, and will be much discussed by history students in years to come. The discussion will sometimes be intense, I think, because Moore does not fully prove his case.

It's a tricky business to compare politicians, political systems, and constitutional deal making across 130 years. Moore often seems to be forcing parallels and contrasts, and sometimes loads with selective memory his historical dice. He makes the Fathers' consensus building seem impressive, for example, by neglecting to consider that the federal Liberals and NDP signed on to Meech Lake, and that practically everyone who seemed to matter endorsed Charlottetown in 1992. Moore seems to underplay the opposition to the Confederation movement and the deep and harmful resentments created by the Fathers' win-at-all-costs manoeuvring. He is led into elaborate hypothesizing and special pleading trying to explain that most of the Fathers really did know the Senate would be comparatively useless and the provinces comparatively powerful despite provisions to the contrary they wrote into the Quebec resolutions. He at no point reflects that the real parallel to the Confederation movement was not Meech or Charlottetown, but Pierre Trudeau's engineering of the constitutional earthquake of 1981–82.

Many of us thought the old histories of Confederation, written in the euphoria of the Centennial era, were flawed by their whiggish, celebratory tone and by an aura of nostalgia for the good old days of political nation building. Donald Creighton was something of a curmudgeon in believing that Canada had gone steadily downhill since about 1891. Inspired to write about Confederation by despair, Christopher Moore also turn out to be a celebrant of the wisdom and work of the Fathers, and admits he is nostalgic for the politics of the 1860s. The dust jacket of *1867: How the Fathers Made a Deal* mentions that Moore is not a professor. Oddly, in his dislike of the direct democracy we are groping towards in modern Canada, and in several other ways (including his literary facility), Moore reminds me of my former professor, D. G. Creighton. I think Creighton would have applauded Moore's book, and would have recognized, professor or not, the makings of a kindred curmudgeonly spirit.

Michael Bliss teaches history at the University of Toronto.

Controlling the Spin on WWI

BY PAULA E. KIRMAN

PROPAGANDA AND CENSORSHIP DURING CANADA'S GREAT WAR
By Jeffrey A. Keshen.
University of Alberta Press, Edmonton, 1996.
333 pp. $29.95.

Hollywood has a way of glamorizing the most harrowing and deadly situations, as it did in those old war films that dramatize handsome, valiant soldiers gleefully going to battle for their beloved homeland, with little worry of physical or emotional consequences. In fact, the enemy are the only ones that undergo any kind of suffering. Afterwards, the soldiers return as heroes, and smoothly readapt to civilian life.

However, those films were not only Tinseltown creations. They were also produced by various Canadian organizations to lure young recruits into uniform during the First World War.

Propaganda, including these films, and forms of censorship intended to mislead potential soldiers, are described in detail by Jeffrey A. Keshen in his book *Propaganda and Censorship During Canada's Great War*. The first full-length study on Canadian information control during the First World War, Keshen explores the political and social forces that were designed to encourage soldiers to enter battle. He contrasts the ideas of the propagandists—that armed conflict is majestic and relatively bloodless—with the horrors these same soldiers discovered once they got to the trenches.

Keshen, an assistant professor of history at the University of Ottawa, divides the book into three sections. Each can stand alone as an individual area of study, but together they chronologically follow the events of the First World War through the theme of Canadian information control.

Section one, entitled "Propaganda," presents the background of the war's escalation to include Canada. Once involved, the government encouraged recruitment by developing creative and eye-catching presentations of soldiers as dashing and courageous. This generic model of the ideal soldier is referred to by Keshen as the character "Johnny Canuck." More illustrations of "Johnny" may have been interesting—but would have added even more bulk to an already hefty book, one third of which is notes and a lengthy bibliography.

"Censorship," the second part of the book, is disturbing. It reveals how the media was controlled to downplay casualties and the realities of trench existence. Field reporters were deterred from viewing the misery in the trenches, and photographers could never get close enough for their pictures to appear as more than men running through empty fields. Publications in "suspect" languages, such as German or Polish, were translated and examined. Any indications of sympathy for the Entente lead to forced closure and the fining or imprisonment of the editors.

Finally, in the third section, "Soldiers," Keshen reveals the harsh realities Canadian soldiers faced through their diaries and letters to loved ones (which were also the target of censorship and invaded privacy). Keshen concludes accounts of soldiers' experiences after returning from the war. The physical and emotional scars resulted in anguish, broken families, and isolation, and a difficult transition back to civilian life.

Canada did not act alone in glorifying war. Keshen discusses numerous parallels in other countries, such as Australia, which embarked on full-throttle propaganda campaigns.

Researched and documented with more footnotes than a university doctoral thesis, this book provides secondary sources that are a springboard for further work in this area.

Keshen's study is a thorough and valuable resource for anyone interested in exploring the causes and effects of a major historical example of propaganda and censorship in Canada.

Paula E. Kirman is an Edmonton freelance writer.

THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
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Remembering Team Canada '72

BY GAVIN MURPHY

COLD WAR
The Amazing Canada-Soviet Hockey Series of 1972
By Roy MacSkimming.
Greystone Books,
Vancouver and Toronto, 1996.
274 pp., illus. $27.95.

I still shiver when I remember watching Paul Henderson's game-winning goal, which gave Canada a 6 to 5 victory over the Soviet Union in the eighth and deciding game of the famous 1972 ice-hockey showdown between the two countries. Like JFK's assassination or man landing on the moon, it is a moment in history never to be forgotten. The memory of that goal and hockey series live on in Roy MacSkimming's book *Cold War*.

This was no ordinary series. It was democracy against communism. Good against evil. Our system against theirs. A cold war played on ice. Nobody was more passionate than Team Canada leader Phil Esposito. He put it this way at the time: "The country's at stake here. I mean, that's my thought. It's our society at stake against theirs."

MacSkimming's narrative features comments from former players, coaches, and hockey pundits. His colourful and smooth writing style, which includes a generous dose of wit and sarcasm, offers insight into the lives of key Canadians and Soviets involved with the game. His flair for the dramatic—not that there is a need to heighten the intensity of the situation—keeps readers on the edge of their seats. He builds the tension to a fever pitch as he recounts that remarkable eighth game.

It was a series that brought Canada together as never before. Most Canadians expected Team Canada to thoroughly outclass the Soviets in all aspects of "our" game. When Team Canada lost 7 to 3 in the opening game at Montreal before a television audience of 12 million, the country was stunned. Domestic issues such as national unity, inflation, and unemployment lost their importance. Canada's hockey heritage was on the line and nothing mattered more than beating the upstart Soviets. Although booed mercilessly during the fourth game in Vancouver, Team Canada won the support of most Canadians once the series shifted to the USSR. Canadians following the deciding game back home, and 3,000 supporters in the Moscow stands went hysterical when Henderson scored. It confirmed to the world that hockey was Canada's game. Only when the Soviets were finally defeated could Canadians turn their minds to other matters, including a federal election campaign.

Cold War also considers where hockey has gone since 1972. There has been aggressive expansion of the NHL into the United States, particularly through the Sun Belt. The Quebec City and Winnipeg franchises (two survivors from the old WHA that joined the NHL in 1979 after the former folded) have recently moved to more lucrative markets south of the border. The NHL is no longer dominated by Canadian-born players. With the dismantling of the Soviet Union, there is now a sprinkling of Russian players on NHL rosters.

None of this is lost on MacSkimming, an Ottawa writer and consultant, who claims that improved conditioning, skills development, and a balanced, teamwork approach to the game (all legacies of the 1972 series), ensure that Canada will continue to be a global hockey power.

Cold War is not the first book written on the series. But it's one of the best. MacSkimming brings a fresh perspective to the subject, based on the passage of a quarter century and his own love of hockey. The book includes many superb, if sometimes awkwardly cropped, photographs, including the classic one of Team Canada celebrating Henderson's winning goal. MacSkimming correctly calls it the most famous picture in Canadian sports history. Complete game and scoring statistics are also provided.

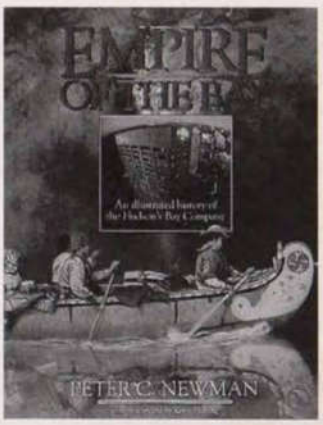
Former Team Canada defenceman Pat Stapleton, owner of the puck Henderson slipped past goalie Vladislav Tretiak for final victory, claims hockey players are the best athletes. "To skate while carrying the puck," he says, "keeping your head up and watching out for your own teammates and six other guys who want to interfere with you and keep you from the goal, that takes an awful lot of skill." What Canadian would disagree with this assessment?

Gavin Murphy is an Ottawa lawyer.

An Illustrated History of the Hudson's Bay Company
by Peter C. Newman

This is a lavishly illustrated history of the HBC from its founding as a fur trader in 1670 to the national retail giant it is today. Dozens of full-colour and black-and-white photos, plus sketches, drawings and maps complement the spirited text by Peter C. Newman, one of Canada's leading authors and journalists. 223 pp., index, bibliography, 7-page chronology of HBC history.
9" x 12" approx., cloth.

Original publisher's price: $45
Sale price: $19.95



To order see The Beaver Book Club ad in this issue.

Excavating the Peace River Posts

BY HARRY W. DUCKWORTH

PROPHECY OF THE SWAN
The Upper Peace River Fur Trade of 1794–1823
David V. Burley, J. Scott Hamilton, and Knut R. Fladmark,
University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1996.
234 pp. $65.00.

Early in this book, we are told of a tradition of the Beaver Indians, natives of the Peace River valley, according to which especially powerful dreamers were known as "swan chiefs." One of these dreamed the coming of white people to the valley–the Prophecy of the Swan. The first Europeans to reach the upper valley were Alexander Mackenzie's exploring party in 1793, passing through en route to the Pacific. The following year the North West Company built Rocky Mountain Fort. The upper valley was not a significant source of beaver or of fur-trade provisions–its importance to the traders was as a corridor to north-central British Columbia. What fur-bearing and game animals lived here were quickly depleted. Closure of the last upper Peace River post, at Governor Simpson's order in 1823, provoked local resentments that led to the murder of five Hudson's Bay Company men, the so-called Massacre of St. John's. The whole fur trade episode had lasted 29 years.

In 1974, one of the authors of *Prophecy of the Swan*, the archaeologist Knut Fladmark, surveyed upper Peace River for archaeological sites that would be flooded if proposed power dams were built there. Over that and the next two seasons, the sites of Rocky Mountain Fort and the St. John's post (a little downstream of the present Fort St. John) were located and partly excavated; three more seasons of excavation were conducted between 1985 and 1987. Fladmark's coauthors, David V. Burley and J. Scott Hamilton, participated for parts of their doctoral research. Most of the results have remained in thesis form or languish obscurely in unpublished reports. In *Prophecy of the Swan* we now have a full account of Rocky Mountain Fort and the St. John's post, written for an alert but nonspecialist audience.

The authors had three purposes: to explain the fur-trade history of the region, to outline the archaeological finds, and to tell the story of the research project itself. It's a complex set of ambitions, and success is uneven. The excavation findings are the core of the book, and the account is clear and well organized. The results were limited: the posts were small, the variety of artifacts somewhat disappointing, and, as is so often the case along mighty rivers, large parts of both sites had been washed away. As for the story of the project, six seasons in a wild and beautiful country left their marks on the excavators–one regrets how hard it is

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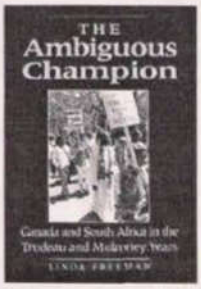

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to convey the almost mystical timelessness of the valley on the printed page. But the account of how the research developed sounds cautious, and personalities come and go with little explanation. One senses conflict and disappointment now glossed over; that there was a more interesting tale to tell.

Other valuable materials in the book are the edited texts of the two fur-trade journals that survive from the posts under study—a Nor'wester's journal kept at Rocky Mountain Fort in 1799–1800, and a Hudson's Bay Company journal kept at the St. John's post in 1822–23. Full use is made of these documents in discussing life at the posts, and the editing is good—in the case of the first journal, drawing on Marion O'Neil's less accessible edition in the *Washington Historical Quarterly* for 1928. Further study of these journals would be justified. The authors did little to identify the voyageurs, or the native customers named in the journals, people surely among the ancestors of modern Peace River aboriginal and Métis families. The 1822–23 journal, for instance, mentions a trading customer called Charlo Lafleur—doubtless a mixed-blood son of Jean-Baptiste Lafleur, Sr., (voyageur and interpreter on Peace River since 1786), but one who had identified himself with the aboriginal community rather than with the Canadians, as his brothers did.

The rest of *Prophecy of the Swan* draws on secondary sources. Chapter 3, on the history of the North West fur trade, I found rather unfocused. Central to the Peace River fur trade administered from Fort Chipewyan was its location in the vast region known as Athabasca. This comprised the whole of the MacKenzie River drainage basin, and Peace River, with the mildest climate, played a special role as a source of provisions for the rest of the district. The authors know this—in chapter 10 they explain how analysis of animal bones found at their sites suggests a quick extermination of the local bison through the demands of the fur trade—but chapter 3 gives nothing of this context. At least four recent books on the Athabasca fur trade are not in the bibliography, raising the possibility that the literature research was completed some years ago.

Harry W. Duckworth teaches at the University of Manitoba.

CHRIS RAIBLE ON BOOKS

Lives of the Known and Unknown

"The history of the world is but the biography of great men," wrote Carlisle in 1841. "There is properly no history," echoed Emerson that same year, "only biography."

The most remarkable Canadian biography to be published this season, *Mrs. King*, is not of a great man but of a "strong-willed and ruthless woman," Isabel Grace Mackenzie King. She linked two of Canada's most controversial public figures, for she was the daughter of the infamous rebel William Lyon Mackenzie and the mother of our most successful prime minister, William Lyon Mackenzie King.

Isabel was born in 1843, at the darkest time of her parent's life. In the 1837 rebellion, Mackenzie had risked all and lost all. In exile in New York, he was struggling to find a place and provide for his wife and eight children. The family suffered through poverty, illness, the death of one daughter, and the madness of another. Isabel was seven years old when an amnesty made possible the family's return to Toronto in 1850. For the next decade she watched her father continue, with diminishing success, his struggle to maintain his self-esteem and earn an adequate income as a politician and a newspaper publisher. Nonetheless, middle-class mores were maintained. The children were each properly educated and the family stayed tightly knit, bound by the depth of their Presbyterian faith and the strength of their home life together.

Ten years after her father died, Isabel married John King, an intelligent Berlin (now Kitchener) lawyer who offered her both status and security. For a time she found happiness, and four children were born to the marriage. But John never quite lived up to his promise—neither in Berlin nor later in Toronto where he both practised and taught law. As portrayed in this biography, John was dull, inept, and incompetent. His income never met the family's needs, and Isabel grew to despise him. Increasingly, she invested herself in her children, especially in her first-born son Willie. In him she took her pride, from him she gained her pleasure, to him she gave her affection and, with his growing public political success, from him she received more and more of her money.

Willie's only personal knowledge of his rebel grandfather (apart from any psychic communications he later may have received) came from his mother's experience. From her he learned ambiguous lessons to guide him throughout his life: Take pride in your heritage of public service – your grandfather's actions led to Canadian Responsible Government. Avoid controversy and confrontation whenever possible—they can make life very difficult.

Mrs. King is a highly readable,

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broadly (but not always accurately) researched volume, made very human by its many quotations from family correspondence and King's private diaries. The author focuses on personalities, on the domestic scene, and on the social life of upper-middle-class Toronto 100 years ago, and relegates the male political world to the background—a refreshing and appealing approach.

Speaking of the middle class, *The National Album* analyzes several books about successful middle-class men (and a few women). It is an academic, sociological study of a number of works published a century ago. Each was filled with brief biographies of the fairly affluent but not particularly famous. These books were published with a purpose—to demonstrate that success can be achieved in Canada by persons of perseverance and character. (They must also have been published for another reason—books with thousands of biographies could be expected to sell thousands of copies.)

O Little Town is the autobiography of a Depression boyhood combined with the biography of a prairie community, Dinsmore, Manitoba. A series of clearly etched word pictures—of houses and outhouses, schools and skating rinks, cars and Christmases, and much, much more—recreate the life of a tiny town. This is not a collection of sunshine sketches, nor is it an album of family anecdotes, the oft-repeated stories that are questionable histories. Nor is it a nostalgic assortment of fuzzy recollections of the good old days. Here is a recounting of the very human events of a past time. Briefly, brightly, and believably—thanks to one man's clear memory and crisp prose—they are brought back to life.

John Cherrington wanted to write a history of turn-of-the-century Vancouver *and* a biography of Sara McLagan, cofounder and later sole publisher of *Vancouver World*. He attempted to do both with *Vancouver at the Dawn*: he assumed Sara's voice to write a first-person account, as if she herself were recalling her life in 1900. The result is a book that is a bit forced in style but fascinating in content. It is enhanced by many archival photographs of the events and personalities described.

Two other books, collective biographies, deserve note: *Taking Root* is a fine history of Canadian Jews, especially of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. As a recounting of "the Origins of the Canadian Jewish Community," however, this unrevised new edition of a previously published work suffers by not drawing on more recent works (Sheldon and Judith Godfrey's *Search Out the Land*, for example). *The Blacks in Canada* reissues Robin Winks' work of a quarter century ago. This is a Canadian-published edition of a book which, as Winks notes in a new preface, "was, and is, about Negro Canadians and Black Canadians and Afro-Canadians and African-Canadians." ◆

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The National Album: Collective Biography and the Formation of the Canadian Middle Class. By Robert Lanning. Carleton University Press, 1997. 202 pages. $26.95 paper.

O Little Town: Remembering Life in a Prairie Village. By Harlo L. Jones. University of Manitoba Press, 1995. 264 pages. $17.50 paper.

Search Out the Land: The Jews and the Growth of Equality in British Colonial America, 1740–1867. By Sheldon J. Godfrey and Judith C. Godfrey. McGill-Queens University Press, 1995. 396 pages. $34.95 hardcover.

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Vancouver at the Dawn: A Turn-of-the-Century Portrait. By John A. Cherrington. Harbour Publishing, 1997. 208 pages. $18.95 paper.

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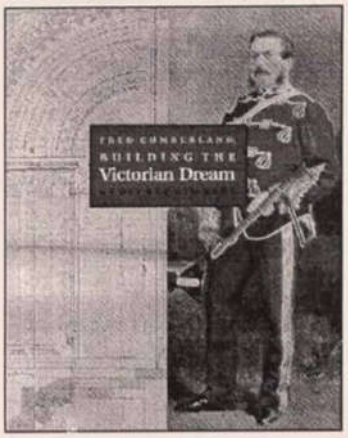

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No Coup in Oregon

Ian McCulloch's otherwise fine article, "The Yukon Field Force 1898–1900" (October/November 1997) twice misrepresents the facts concerning the partition of "the Oregon country":

1) "...a show of force to the United States that Canada was not prepared to let the Yukon go the way of Oregon fifty years before."

2) (Quoting Brereton Greenhous) "...a locally planned, pro-American coup...along the general lines of those which had brought both California and Oregon into the American union."

The Anglo-American Compromise of 1846 which partitioned the Oregon country between the United States and Britain (not Canada) had nothing to do with any "pro-American coup." President Polk obviously did not get his "fifty-four forty," nor did he fight. Indeed, the only contested part of the Oregon country was that lying north and west of the Columbia River and south of the forty-ninth parallel, and there were only eight adult American males living there at the time.

Both Lt. Col. McCulloch and Mr. Greenhous should read (and reread) Frederick Merk's authoritative studies on the Oregon question and its peaceful resolution (*The Oregon Question: Essays in Anglo-American Diplomacy and Politics*, Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1967) especially the essay "The Oregon Pioneers and the Boundary"–and then write one-hundred times: "There was no coup in Oregon."

Pierce Olson,
Jackson, Wyoming.

William Hall, Absent

Re: Books in Review *Our Bravest and Our Best* [October/November 1996]. I would very much like to know if author Arthur Bishop's research on Victoria Cross winners extended to Nova Scotia and included William Hall (1828–1904). He was one of the first Canadians to win the VC and the very first black man. The Maritime Museum of the Atlantic has an excellent résumé of his career.

My question arises from the fact that the *Canadian Encyclopedia* makes no mention of this man at all.

Miriam Guptill,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Morton Should Apologize

It must be wonderful to sit at the lofty height that Desmond Morton does, looking back upon recent history and dumping upon its perpetrators. [What a Historian Told the Defence Minister, December 97/January 98] Without any supporting evidence, other than the tittle tattle of another historian, Morton proceeds to tell one and all of Canadian soldiers who raped and murdered in Korea and so he heard, were sentenced to two years for their misdeed. I served with Third Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and do not recall any of our members raping and pillaging, nor do I recall much in the way of discussion of this type of thing during my 30 years of service. Then we have reference to earlier soldiers who shot their prisoners, followed by the wonderful piece about our fathers in the First War, to the effect they were the venereal disease champions among the western allies. To so smugly denigrate the more than 60,000 Canadians who lost their lives in that War, is beneath contempt.

That incidents did happen in all these wars is not being argued, but to cast a broad slur upon all and sundry is more worthy of the checkout counter tabloids. I believe Desmond Morton owes the dead of the First War, the Second War, and the Korean War an apology.

Terrence P. Flanagan,
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Migration from Quebec

In "A Clouded Crystal Ball" [August/September 1997], Donald B. Smith stated the "projected French-speaking majority in Canada did not materialize" and gave various reasons why this did not happen.

A very real reason can be traced back to the late nineteenth century when French Canadians from the province of Quebec migrated in great numbers to the New England states to work in the many textile factories that were being built during the Industrial Revolution. Eventually 30 percent of the population of Quebec came to work in the New England mills. In the 1930s three million of their descendants comprised 21 percent of the New England population.

It is easy to surmise that if these millions of people had remained in Canada the prediction that Canada eventually would have a French-speaking majority would perhaps have materialized or perhaps the French-Canadian culture would have had a stronger influence.

Rene L. Dugas, Sr.,
Taftville, Connecticut.

Looking for Dave Mather

I am compiling the biography of David Charles Mather (1868–1943), one of the great professional Scottish Highland bagpipers, dancers and athletes of the 1890s.

I have chronicled much of his life, but still do not know what happened during his reported attempt to reach the Klondike from the United States sometime after 1900.

Different, undocumented stories say that "D. C." or "Davie" and a partner were en route to Dawson when the partner gave up, died or was killed under mysterious circumstances. Davie's partner reportedly was his brother-in-law, possibly a Dan MacLennan of Beauly, Scotland. Mather reportedly went to live and teach piping and dancing in Vancouver and Victoria before returning to the Butte–Norris region of Montana, where he lived the rest of his life.

Perhaps a police or medical report exists of the incident and Davie might have been interviewed as a witness. He was an accomplished boxer from Royal Caledonian School days and known to take on bullies, but he would not have been a likely suspect; his life story contains no criminal activity.

Any assistance anyone can provide will be much appreciated.

John V. Pearson,
3527A Rockefeller Ave.,
Everett, Washington, U.S.A. 98201,
Phone: (425) 303-9532.

Letters Clarified

In the article "A Letter to Antoine" by Adrienne Leduc [December 1997/January 1998], the boxed caption states on the last line: "The two letters preceding Antoine Leduc's name have not been interpreted." The letters actually stand for *écuyer*—which is a French word for a servant of a lady, or an escort. The English translation is a squire (meaning the same thing) or an attendant.

Mike Landry,
Brockville, Ontario.

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The Beaver
April/May 1998

The Postcard War

More than 50,000 postcards a day were delivered to Canada from First World War soldiers. This pictorial record by Ian McCulloch provides one view of the public face of war.

Don't be Alarmed, the Canadians are on guard at Shorncliffe

The Great Canadian Dinosaur Rush

Charles Sternberg, famous fossil hunter, was backed by Canada to unearth the biggest and best dinosaur specimens of the Alberta badlands—before the Americans did. By Steven Bown.

Also:

In 1904, young **David Learmonth** set sail for Canada, an apprentice clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company. This first-person account of his stormy crossing on the *Pelican* describes a young man's rite of passage.

Jim Henson, a former slave and African-Canadian pioneer, was an ordinary man who lived through extraordinary times.

Sointula, a tiny utopian colony of Finnish immigrants, was founded on the ideals of harmony and self-reliance. And despite early years of turmoil and misfortune, it has survived.

Dr. Abraham Groves, a well-loved country doctor, was also one of Canada's surgical pioneers.

Christopher Moore

History Television: Stay Tuned

What should lovers of history make of History Television?

In the October/November *Beaver*, we invited readers to offer their own comments on the new specialty channel, launched on October 17 and available to most Canadian cable subscribers during a three-month "free sampling" period. Sadly, the postal strike delayed many replies, but in the meantime, I polled a collection of historically minded television watchers around the country. I also visited History Television's Toronto headquarters.

When the specialty channels were being marketed, History TV seemed chosen as the one that gave heft to the new programming tier. It suggested a seriousness hardly matched by channels devoted to golf, fast cars, or old science-fiction shows, and it was heavily promoted as a prime attraction among the new offerings. People I spoke to shared this sense. Several said History Television was the main—or only—channel that had them thinking about subscribing. "This was the only one of the new lot we could consider paying for," writer Priscilla Galloway told me.

For some, History Television was delivering what they wanted. John Honsberger, a lawyer and legal historian, had enjoyed several of History Television's documentaries. He noted a biography of American president Harry Truman, in which film of Truman meeting the charismatic general Douglas MacArthur was followed by film of Truman himself, describing his anger at that moment: MacArthur had presumptuously shaken hands instead of saluting his commander-in-chief. To Honsberger, that summed up how televised history could offer the historical moment itself, juxtaposed against shrewd commentary upon it. Honsberger disliked the pay channel's endless commercial breaks, but he was already finding 43 (History Television's place on the cable dial in Toronto) the channel he tended to go to when he turned on the set.

Others, however, had found their initial hopes for History Television unfulfilled—"a terrible disappointment," said one. Its lineup struck them as too predictable, too foreign, and particularly too militaristic—an endless diet of old war footage. "Every time I have either flipped to it or looked at listings, it has been war or guns," said educator Jean Barman of Vancouver.

Spot the historian: History Television's hosts Sheldon Turcott, Laurier LaPierre, Ann Medina, Michael Maclear, Rick Mercer, and Lloyd Robertson.

"The impression I have gotten is that history began in September 1935, and ended in the summer of 1945," said Peter McFarlane, a Montreal journalist. Women also noted that History Television was not only military but male—"hugely dominated by men and by male views of history," said Galloway. A bookstore manager I met, arguing there's a rising interest in history, pointed to the new channel as proof, then immediately added, "Of course it's a bit of a farce."

I'd heard some of these reactions when I went to meet Norm Bolen, head of programming at History Television, and Sydney Suissa, who's responsible for developing and acquiring new programs. (As Galloway had surmised, women did seem scarce in programming positions at History Television, though its parent company is headed by veteran publisher and producer Phyllis Yaffe.)

Bolen had obviously heard the complaint about war before. "We *are* doing a lot of World War II. And a lot of people are watching it." he replied forthrightly. "We are doing a lot of other things, but there is good programming on the Second World War, and people want to see it. When people don't want to watch war, we won't run those programs.

"But," he continued, "if we only ran war, we might do very well with older men. Whereas we need the 25 to 49 age group which is most attractive to advertisers. And we are getting them as well."

When I talked with him weeks after History Television's launch, Bolen was bubbling with evidence of the channel's early success, its big ratings, its eager advertisers, even floods of responses to its lively Internet website. Nevertheless, Bolen sees the channel's early months as a test, both for the channel and its viewers. History Television is "a brand," he says. His intention is to "establish his brand" as quickly as possible, but he expects it will take time. Unlike, say, a sports channel, "we run a lot of original series, and people have to find out what our brand looks like."

Bolen emphasized new series and new programs just over the horizon. With barely a year between approval and launch, History Television had been obliged to get onstream very fast, and most of its specially commissioned new and Canadian programs will not begin until early 1998 (just as the free-viewing period ends, ironically). Bolen wanted to talk of "A Scattering of Seeds," a new series on the immigrant

experience in Canada. About "History-Lands," a series on Canadian historic sites by the makers of Discovery's "Great Canadian Parks." About Laurier LaPierre's new series of Canadian biographies, "Faces of History." About a big international partnership to film a history of the French in North America.

Bolen also wanted to emphasize History Television's partnerships with Canadian filmmakers, like the Saskatchewan team that developed the moving Remembrance Day special "Missing on Way Back" or the Montreal firm that is developing a major documentary series on the War of 1812. "We're right here, we're all Canadian, we have actually bought nothing from the American history channel."

Arnie Gelbert of Galafilms, the Montreal company currently shooting the War of 1812 series for TV Ontario, History Television, and for foreign buyers, confirmed that for historical filmmakers, History Television "really can change the landscape. It means a lot of good historical films will get made and seen that would not have been made otherwise. It is very demanding, getting financial backing, getting distribution for a film. History Television can be the first piece in the puzzle; once they are interested, we can start assembling other partners."

Both Bolen and Suissa stressed they were running an entertainment business, not some university of the air. Suissa, who as History Television's head of acquisitions must see a truly numbing amount of video, emphasized the mix they seek: light programs and serious ones, documentaries and movies, one-offs and series. Some moments, it seems, History Television needed only a cooking show to claim it was trying to *resemble* all the other channels out there, rather than distinguish its brand.

Peter McFarlane, the journalist disappointed by too much war on History Television, had another perceptive comment. "Even the non-World War II stuff," he said, "tends to treat the past as a simple known thing that has been adequately recorded and only needs to be assembled and related. Coming to grips with our history, it has always seemed to me, is a struggle."

People who gave an impression of having "struggled" with history, in McFarlane's sense, seemed pretty scarce at History Television. Both on-screen and behind the scenes, most of its key players are journalists, often refugees from the bloodlettings of recent years in CBC and CTV current-affairs departments. The on-air personalities—Sheldon Turcott, Lloyd Robertson, Harvey Kirck, Ann Medina—had apparently been chosen more for their experience in reading news than their engagement with what they were presenting. Despite their substantial credibility as newspeople, there was a painful hint of Ted Baxter about them when they suddenly became historians. The only History Television host with historical credentials was Laurier LaPierre—who had also been a broadcaster for 30 years.

> *"When we do a history show... we go straight to history itself. We want film, we want sound, we want anecdote and character."*

Of course, television will probably always be run by television people, and no one would welcome a monopoly of historians. But it had seemed to me that the very successful "Discovery Channel" got its credibility more from featuring solid science commentators like Jay Ingram than from all its nature programs, while even in sports broadcasting a Don Cherry usually scores with viewers even if the Leafs can't. History Television seemed devoid of those kinds of authoritative commentator–analysts to give the channel personality and presence.

Norm Bolen made clear that was entirely intentional. "I had lots of proposals for shows like that, studio shows," he said firmly, "and I didn't want anything like that. When we do a history show, we don't start with current events; we go straight to history itself. We want film, we want sound, we want anecdote and character. If we do Grosse Ile, we want to go straight to the diary of the priest who was there."

It seems hard to complain about trying to bring the past alive in that way, and Grosse Ile, the beautiful, brooding quarantine island in the St. Lawrence, ought to be an ideal subject. But, in fact, nothing has sparked interest in the history of Grosse Ile more than the very issues History Television seems determined not to touch: the fierce and fascinating struggle over just what the historical meaning of Grosse Ile is and should be. To dodge that lively struggle out of some fear of "tweediness" seemed precisely the kind of misreading of history's appeal to which television is so prone.

One of the potential viewers I talked to, Merilyn Simonds of Kingston, wondered in sorrow as much as anger about the point of all the new channels. "Until these broadcasters invest money and ingenuity in the creation of new content—Canadian content—television won't be worth watching," said Simonds. "I hope this recycling stage is a stopgap measure to buy the broadcasters time, but I don't have a lot of faith."

I did not quote Simonds to Norm Bolen, but he seemed to have heard from someone like her. "Keep watching," was his last comment to me. "If you are frustrated with what we are offering so far, consider that we started up very fast, and it takes us time to make the kind of content we want to offer. It's all there in the pipeline. Come January, it's going to start to flow."

Since picking up History Television last fall, I have rather shared the history-lovers' disappointment. On the other hand, I think Bolen and Suissa are probably right to speak of the wave of new Canadian filmmaking about history that they are underwriting. I suspect some good people are indeed doing good work with the support of History Television—and ultimately of its subscribers. (I should acknowledge that the Canadian historical world is small—last summer even I gave a little advice to one of the companies developing a History Television series.)

Is History Television worth a history lover's dollars? Or is it going to be? That still seemed up in the air as viewers made their choices in early 1998. ◆

Celebrate Heritage Day, February 16, 1998

Since its modest beginning in 1974, Heritage Day has become a national event. Canadians across the country can celebrate their personal heritage by visiting a museum or historic site, researching a family tree, watching History Television, or giving a friend a subscription to *The Beaver*.

Each year the Heritage Canada Foundation selects a particular story that reflects the people, places and events that have shaped Canada. As 1998 is the 100th anniversary of the Yukon becoming a Canadian territory, their Heritage Day poster and teacher's guide focuses on the people of that region. For further information, contact: The Heritage Canada Foundation, Box 1358, Station B, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5R4. Tel. (613) 237-1066; Fax (613) 237-5987.

❀ ❀ ❀

100 Years of Picture Postcards

The Canadian Postal Museum celebrates the 100th anniversary of the picture postcard in Canada with the exhibition "Wish You Were Here–One Hundred Years of Picture Postcards in Canada." The exhibition features 77 postcards, with most dating from 1898 to 1904. Also featured are albums of postcards, books, archives, and an eccentric personal notebook of a prolific postcard writer.

According to curator Yves Beauregard, the passion for card collecting was born at the turn of the century following an amendment to the Post Act that allowed the production of picture postcards. This inexpensive, attractive means of communication became immediately popular and responded to a growing desire for knowledge among the general population.

The exhibit continues until November 2, 1998, in the Canadian Postal Museum at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull.

❀ ❀ ❀

Author Wins Award for Preserving Heritage

Architectural and art historian Marion MacRae, 76, was honoured by the Heritage Canada Foundation for her outstanding contribution to the preservation of heritage buildings in Ontario. MacRae, whose restorations include Dundurn Castle in Hamilton, received the Foundation's Lieutenant Governor's Award, on November 27, 1997. MacRae has written and coauthored books such as *The Ancestral Roof*, *Hallowed Walls*, and *Cornerstones of Order*.

Profiling Canada's Immigrants

"A Scattering of Seeds: The Creation of Canada" is a personal and evocative television series celebrating the grit and character of unsung immigrants–

The legendary Calgary Schumiatcher family, whose company became synonymous with the white hats of the Calgary Stampede, is profiled in the first film of the series. Here, Judah Schumiatcher steams a Smithbilt hat.

regular people–who staked their families and futures on a second chance in Canada.

This documentary series, which premiered January 14, 1998 on History Television, will be broadcast Wednesday evenings and repeated on Saturday afternoons. It runs for 13 consecutive weeks, and will premiere in the French language on RDI, Saturday, April 4, 1998. Check local listings for times.

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MUSEUM PROFILE

Sylvia Grace Borda

This feast dish representing "Sisiutl," a double-headed serpent, was used in many ceremonies in the early 1900s.

Experience the artifact as a whole. Examine its details. Understand the power and history it contains for those who look into it and beyond. **Through My Eyes: Northwest Coast Artifacts through the Eyes of Contemporary First Nations Peoples** is designed to help us appreciate the artistry and significance of First Nations' artifacts as seen through First Nations' eyes.

For a century, First Nations' artifacts have been collected and preserved by the Vancouver Museum for public education and research. In the past, contemporary First Nations people were seldom consulted about the objects of their ancestors. For this exhibition, more than 20 First Nations individuals present their personal perspectives on Northwest Coast artifacts that they have selected from the Museum's extensive collections. Their direct, experience-based reflections and observations are used as the text in the exhibition.

Through My Eyes is a cooperative venture between the Vancouver Museum and the Museum of Anthropology at University of British Columbia. It runs until September 20, 1998.

Now in its second century, the Vancouver Museum is located just minutes from the centre of the city. It is readily accessible by car, trolley, or on foot.

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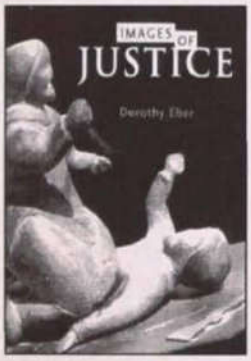

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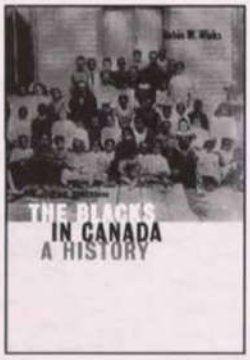

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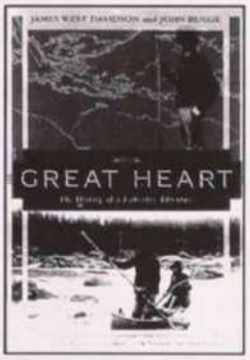

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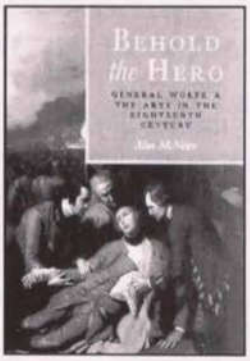

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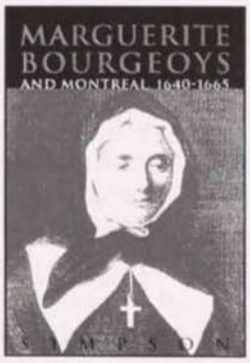

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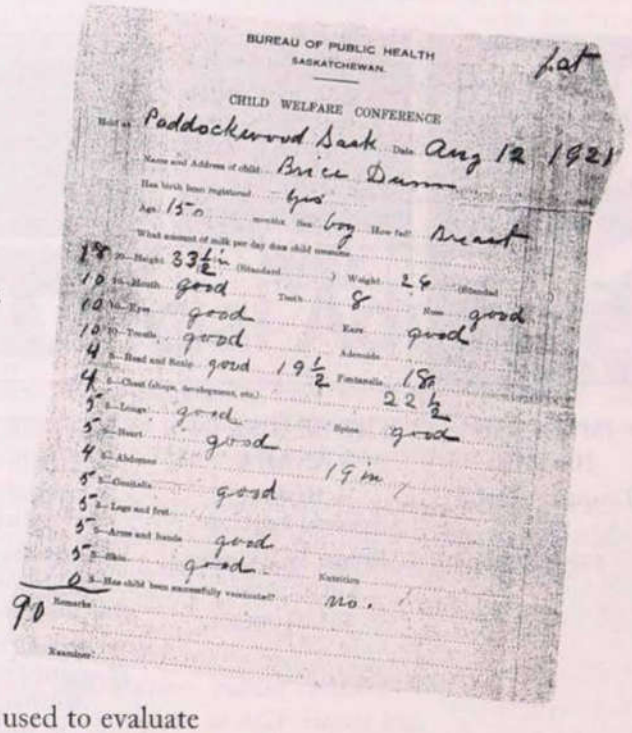
THE BABY SHOW

On a bright summer day in 1921, three Saskatchewan women and their babies headed for Paddockwood. They were about to enter the town's first baby show, sponsored by the province's Bureau of Public Health. In the photo above, we see Mrs. Nan Milligan driving the oxcart. Mrs. Milligan's daughter Betty (now Mrs. Connelly) came first in the baby girl category. Seated next to Mrs. Milligan is Mrs. Mable Dunn and her son Bryce, who was judged first in the baby boy category. Mrs. Jenny Grossett sat in the back with her son Tom.



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1st

CHILD WELFARE CONFERENCE

Held at Paddockwood Sask. Date Aug 12 1921

Name and Address of child Bryce Dunn

Has birth been registered yes

Age 15 months Sex boy How fed? breast

What amount of milk per day does child consume

18 pts. Height 33½ in (Standard) Weight 24 (Standard

10 pts. Mouth good Teeth 8 Nose good

10 pts. Eyes good Ears good

10 pts. Teeth good Adenoids

4 pts. Head and Scalp good 19½ Fontanelle 18

4 pts. Chest (shape, development, etc.) 22½

5 pts. Lungs good Spine good

5 pts. Heart good

4 pts. Abdomen 19 in.

5 pts. Genitalia good

5 pts. Legs and feet

5 pts. Arms and hands good

5 pts. Skin good Vaccines

0 pts. Has child been successfully vaccinated? no.

90 Remarks

Examiner

Mr. Bryce Dunn, who submitted the photograph, notes that the judging sheet used to evaluate the babies (see right) "resembles the score cards used by 4H club members to judge calves today." Mr. Dunn resides in Paddockwood.

THE SOCIETY

Canada's National History Society
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Recipient

Indu Varma
(Marshview Middle School, Sackville, NB) combines a project-based teaching approach with telecommunications to move beyond text books and classroom walls. Her classes in Canadian government, comparative studies, and New Brunswick history come to life through activity-based, interactive projects. Ms. Varma has developed projects including Canadian Fest, Canadian World Fest, and Towards Raising a Canadian Consciousness. Her students have participated in over 26 radio and television broadcasts and have talked and worked with fellow students across Canada and the world. They have written and recorded songs, designed unity pins, constructed a national unity quilt, and used the Internet to host forums on Canada. They have been learning in a global classroom with the world at their fingertips, sharing information with peers, parents, and their community. Ms. Varma has won seven major awards including the Prime Minister's Award, a Hilroy Fellowship Award, and the Marshall McLuhan Award.

Finalists

Susan Anderson & Susan Earles
(Beach Grove Elementary, Delta, BC) created a localized, child-centred curriculum in Canadian history by enlisting staff, students, parents, and local historians. Using approaches such as guest speakers, field trips, videos, and primary documents, it focuses on Tsawwassen, the Settlement of the Ladner family, and Early Pioneers of Delta. Students study travel routes, a historical village, and pioneer life. They also take part in an in-depth archaeological study of the local beaches. Finally, students look at the lives of First Nations people in the area — through storytelling, recreating myths, and investigating artifacts from the Ladner Museum in Delta.

Susan Bate
(Harbour View High School Saint John, NB) believes that historical fiction is a powerful tool for connecting students to their past. Using a play she coauthored about life in Saint John at the time of the Great Fire of 1877, Ms. Bate began involving her students in local historical research. To mark the 120th anniversary of the Great Fire, the play was produced on June 20, 1997. The grade 9 students researched primary sources and interviewed local historians to provide actors with the historical background they needed. Their research was then written and published as *Project Saint John 1877*, a collection of short essays on urban life in Saint John. Students promoted the play by creating advertising and through a skit they wrote and performed.

Gordon Blackman
(John Rennie High School, Pointe Claire, QC) believes that, "Black youth, by being exposed to, and knowing their history, will be in a better position to understand and appreciate their heritage and culture." In 1993, Mr. Blackman began work on curriculum to meet the needs of black students. By 1994, his students were involved in an integrated approach to the study of black history. They wrote and published *Black History Magazine*. They produced two videos entitled "Our Legacy" and "Let Us Tell You About Our People." Gordon Blackman continues to push the limits of how "history" is traditionally defined. In so doing, he has enriched his students' knowledge and understanding of Canadian history and the tremendous contribution made by black Canadians.

Heidi Bohaker
(Glenforest Secondary School, Mississauga, ON) is a history teacher, curriculum writer, workshop presenter and electronic communications whiz, who presents throughout the province on topics such as Internet applications for history programs, the use of primary source material, and alternative assessment strategies. One of the courses she has developed uses CD-ROMs, periodicals, and a multitude of research strategies. Ms. Bohaker believes in capturing the imagination of her students through the lives of "ordinary people" in history. As such, she initiated an investigation of teenage prostitutes in 1920s Edmonton and, with her colleagues, constructed a World War II family scrapbook. Students hone their problem-solving skills and tackle current Canadian problems aided by their understanding of past events.

Linda Bulka
(Sisler High School, Winnipeg, MB) teaches Grade 11 Canadian history through innovative programs such as Youth Link — an Internet link connecting her students in Manitoba to students in Quebec, Ontario, and Alberta. It allows them to communicate in both official languages. She uses role play, field trips, primary document research, poetry, interviews, and debates to teach Canadian history, and to inspire her students. Her classes participate in unique exercises such as examining how Canadian history writing has changed over time and how it can be presented from different perspectives.

Yann Herry
(Ecole Secondaire Riverdale/Ecole Emilie-Tremblay, Whitehorse, YK) has a catalogue of methods to make his classes exciting. Theatre, field trips, 3-D modelling, guest speakers, role playing, student newspapers, mock archaeological digs, and elections all have a place in his storehouse of approaches. He is committed to resource-based learning and conducting innovative classes that begin with student research and end with interesting final products that are shared with both the classroom and the community. Every year, he takes his class to Silver City, where students get firsthand experience of what life was like for early pioneers and gold miners. He organizes exchange trips to Quebec City, where his classes re-create the battle of the Plains of Abraham, perform role plays, and visit historical sites. Students organize fundraisers to defray the cost of these trips and in so doing, involve the whole community in their activities.

Donald H. Holmgren
(Ashmont Secondary, Ashmont, AB) teaches in a community where almost eight percent of students are aboriginal Canadians. As such, he has developed his own Canadian history projects involving a large number of the local native population and featuring aboriginal Canadian culture and heritage. In 1987 he created the Anis-Katch Project. Inspired by the need for an oral Canadian history, he had his students record and chronicle their interviews with community elders. Project Anis-Katch is an ongoing anecdotal history project designed to develop a deeper appreciation and knowledge of his students' cultural heritage. Donald Holmgren's class also contributed to *Our Home: The Atlas of Canadian Communities*. Materials about Goodfish Lake, written by his students about a nearby community, are published on the Internet.

John Jamieson
(Nuiyak School, Sanikiluaq, NT) Under Mr. Jamieson's supervision, students have reconstructed artifacts such as bowdrills, kayaks, and umiaks. In one project his students studied local Thule sodhouses to gain knowledge of their construction, dimensions, and middens. Then, on a site near their school, students created their own sodhouses, complete with sealskins, sleeping platforms, seal-oil lamps and drying racks. Students opted to sleep in their newly created "homes" in order to conduct scientific experiments, such as measuring internal and external temperature, relative humidity, and seal-oil fuel consumption. It is through successful projects like this that John Jamieson unites his students in a common cause to learn about, and take pride in, their culture and heritage.

Marc Keirstead
(Sacred Heart Catholic High School, Newmarket, ON) believes history should be a hands-on, vibrant, and challenging subject. He has initiated an Internet link with a senior school in Japan, where students discuss Canadian elections and World War II. His class has also submitted biographies to a World War I website. Students developed their own constitution and hold mock federal and provincial elections. During these elections, debates were videotaped and televised in other classrooms. Computer bulletin boards were also used by student candidates to field questions from concerned voters. Mr. Keirstead continues to utilize a variety of teaching and learning strategies to foster in his students a love and appreciation of our history.

Mario Mimeault
(Polyvalente Antoine-Roy, Rivière-au-Renard, QC) With numerous publications, radio and TV collaborations, and distinctions to his credit, M. Mimeault is one of Canada's authorities on the history of fishing in the Gaspé region of Quebec. His work in making historical subjects accessible to the nonhistorian and his compilation of a "data bank" for his regional school board illustrate his dedication as an educator. By using his great storytelling ability and charisma, he brings history alive for his students. He makes them aware that the manner in which history is portrayed and communicated changes, and that our perception of past events is in continual flux due to new findings and developments in the present. This approach leads students to uncover historical relevance in their everyday lives.

Jackie Underhill & Kathy Thomson

(S. Bruce Smith School, Edmonton, AB) were distressed to find that their Grade 8 Canadian political-history students found learning about Canada boring. Together, they redesigned their course to make Canadian history more meaningful and interesting. Lack of empathy for the subject matter was bridged by using creative approaches to captivate student interest and assist them in understanding the course. They introduced units utilizing the Internet, computers, debates, models, diaries, historical newspapers, analysis of political cartoons, role play, and novel studies. Their flexibility and creativity are evident in their teaching style and the enthusiasm of their students and peers.

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WINTER SCHEDULE

HISTORY TELEVISION

E.S.T.	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
8:00 AM	History Presents	Documentary Special	Sketches of our Town				
8:30 AM			Olympica				
9:00 AM		Secrets of WW II	Sharpe	Timelines	Turning Points	Warfare Series	Warfare Series
9:30 AM							
10:00 AM	Faces of History	Turning Points		A Scattering of Seeds	Faces of History	History Presents	Warfare Series
10:30 AM				The Way We Were			
11:00 AM	timeChase						Warfare Series
11:30 AM	Olympica						
12:00 PM	Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century					Wish Me Luck	Warfare Series
12:30 PM	It Seems Like Yesterday						
1:00 PM	History Presents	Documentary Special	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	Colditz	History on Film
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM		Secrets of WW II				A Scattering of Seeds	
2:30 PM						The Way We Were	
3:00 PM	Faces of History	Turning Points				Secret Army	
3:30 PM			A Scattering of Seeds	The Way We Were			History on Film
4:00 PM	Olympica					Sharpe	
4:30 PM	Colditz	Sharpe	Secret Army	Combat	Wish Me Luck		
5:00 PM						Combat	
5:30 PM	Warfare Series					Turning Points	Timelines
6:00 PM							
6:30 PM	timeChase						
7:00 PM	Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century					Faces of History	War Stories
7:30 PM	It Seems Like Yesterday						
8:00 PM	History Presents	Documentary Special	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	Sharpe
8:30 PM							
9:00 PM		Secrets of WW II					
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM	Faces of History	Turning Points					War Stories
10:30 PM			A Scattering of Seeds	The Way We Were			
11:00 PM	Colditz	Sharpe	Secret Army	Combat	Wish Me Luck	It Seems Like Yesterday	Timelines
11:30 PM						Great Crimes	
12:00 AM	History Presents	Secrets of WW II	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	Sharpe
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM		Turning Points					
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	Faces of History	Documentary Special					War Stories
2:30 AM			A Scattering of Seeds	The Way We Were			
3:00 AM	Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century					History on Film	Timelines
3:30 AM	It Seems Like Yesterday						
4:00 AM	Colditz	Sharpe	Secret Army	Combat	Wish Me Luck		Sharpe
4:30 AM							
5:00 AM	Olympica						
5:30 AM	Sketches of our Town						
6:00 AM	TimeChase					The Way We Were	Timelines
6:30 AM	Olympica					A Scattering of Seeds	
7:00 AM	Warfare Series					Documentary Special	War Stories
7:30 AM							

Program changes may occur.